



The Entropy Plague

by Jonathan Morris

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON

Time and space traveller.

NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON

Time traveller's companion.

TEGAN: JANET FIELDING

Time traveller's companion.

TURLOUGH: MARK STRICKSON

Time traveller's companion.

ADRIC/ SENTINELS: ALISTAIR MACKENZIE

Nyssa's grown-up son./ Steam-driven robots.

CHERRYANNE:

(F, 25) Earnest, spirited, tough refugee.

PALLISTER:

(M, 40) Neurotic, world-weary scientist.

BRANARACK:

(M, 50) Swashbuckling space pirate.

RALDARIN:

(M, 70) Cherryanne's brother – aged, hoarse-voiced.

ALSO: DANCER, TRADERS, REFUGEE, SANDMEN, PIRATES, PRISONERS.

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PART ONE

(OPENING THEME)

SCENE 1. INT. ADRIC'S HOUSE.

FX: A SNOWSTORM BLOWS OUTSIDE. INSIDE, A FIRE CRACKLES. ADRIC'S USING A COMM-LINK. RESPONSE IS DISTORTED.

ADRIC:

Neeka? ... It's Adric. There's some weather interference on the comm-link, another ice-storm. Just checking to see how you are. Well, you can't blame me for worrying, you are the baby of the family. (LAUGHS AT RESPONSE) And I'm never going to let you forget it. The programme's going fine. Better than fine - with a bit of luck Maxis Realtor should be Richter's-free by the end of the quarter. Then I'll join... No, no sign [yet -]

FX: HE'S INTERRUPTED BY SOUND OF TARDIS LANDING 20 FEET AWAY.

ADRIC:

Wait. Hold on, I'll call you back. It's her, I think it's her!

FX: HE ENDS COMMUNICATION AS TARDIS FINISHES LANDING.

ADRIC:

(GOING OVER TO TARDIS) Hello? ... Mother?

FX: TARDIS DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Hello, Adric.

ADRIC:

Doctor? What's going on? Where's my mother? Where's Nyssa?

FX: CLOSING TARDIS DOOR.

DOCTOR:

Ah. Yes. That's why I've come here. To tell you in person. Thought it was only right.

ADRIC:

She's not with you...? What's happened to her? Where is she?

DOCTOR:

There's no easy way to say this. I'm afraid... I'm afraid you're never going to see your mother again.

ADRIC:

What?

DOCTOR:

She – I mean, we; I mean, she –

ADRIC:

Just tell me. Is she dead?

DOCTOR:

No, no. She's alive, I can assure you of that much.

ADRIC:

Then where is she?

DOCTOR:

Nyssa is... somewhere beyond even the TARDIS's reach.

ADRIC:

What's that supposed to mean? You've lost her?

DOCTOR:

Not lost, exactly. A set of circumstances forced us into a situation – [where]

ADRIC:

My mother said she would come straight here. She promised, one month ago, back on Valderon.

DOCTOR:

I know, yes. But the TARDIS was diverted. Into E-Space.

ADRIC:

(DISBELIEF) E-Space?

DOCTOR:

Another universe. Linked to this one by –

ADRIC:

I know what it is, it's where my namesake came from. So my mother is still in this other universe?

DOCTOR:

... Yes.

ADRIC:

(FURIOUS) So why can't you just go back and get her?

DOCTOR:

It's not quite as simple as that.

ADRIC:

You managed it before, why can't you do it again?

DOCTOR:

There is no way back. The CVE, the link between that universe and this, has been sealed shut.

ADRIC:

Then re-open it!

DOCTOR:

Even if that were possible, in an infinite multitude of universes, we'd never find the right one. I'm sorry.

ADRIC:

Sorry? Is that all you can say? You tell me I'm never going to see my mother again and all you can do is stand there and make excuses?

DOCTOR:

I'm not making excuses. I take full responsibility. If anyone is to blame for what happened, it's me.

ADRIC:

So what did happen?

DOCTOR:

It's a long story.

ADRIC:

Then the sooner you start, Doctor, the better.

DOCTOR:

Yes, good point. Very well. After we were diverted into E-Space, we needed to find a way back through another CVE. But then Tegan suffered the indignity of being kidnapped by a gang of space pirates...

FX: REVERSE ECHO INTO:

SCENE 2. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

FX: TIME ROTOR SLOWING.

TURLOUGH:

Why are we stopping?

NYSSA:

Because the Doctor's found her.

TURLOUGH:

Already?

DOCTOR:

Residual energy trace from the surface of Isenfel, it wasn't too hard.

FX: SCANNER.

TURLOUGH:

Tegan's on board that ship?

DOCTOR:

Giving her captors a piece of her mind, no doubt.

NYSSA:

Can we materialise on board?

DOCTOR:

We can try.

FX: OPERATES CONTROLS.

DOCTOR:

They're heading to another solar system. One of the few solar systems.

NYSSA:

(CHECKING READINGS) The third planet is in a temperate orbit. Presumably that's their destination.

DOCTOR:

Presumably. — Locking on co-ordinates... now.

FX: TARDIS LURCHES TERRIBLY. VIBRATION ON VOICES FROM NOW ON.

TURLOUGH:

What is it? What's happening?

DOCTOR:

(FX: OPERATING CONTROLS) Not sure. Power loss. As though something is siphoning energy from the TARDIS.

NYSSA:

Something? The spaceship?

FX: B/G TARDIS HUM DROPPING IN PITCH.

DOCTOR:

No. Something down there, on the third planet.

FX: TARDIS LURCHES AND MAKES ALARMING NOISES FROM NOW ON.

NYSSA:

Doctor, the energy drain. It's increasing.

DOCTOR:

Almost fifty per cent gone already. Fifty-five. Sixty!

TURLOUGH:

What happens if we run out of power?

DOCTOR:

Newton's first law. We'll keep on drifting through space until we hit something.

TURLOUGH:

Except with no life support, we'll either suffocate or freeze to death first.

DOCTOR:

Always looking for a silver lining, aren't you, Turlough?

NYSSA:

Energy levels now down to twenty per cent.

DOCTOR:

No choice. We'll have to perform an emergency materialisation.

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, the spaceship! I think it's experiencing the same effect.

DOCTOR:

(PREOCCUPIED) What?

TURLOUGH:

Its navigation lights are flashing and it's descending towards the planet.

DOCTOR:

Nothing we can do for them, I'm afraid.

TURLOUGH:

But without any power they'll crash. And Tegan's on board!

DOCTOR:

I do realise that. But we have our own problems to worry about.

NYSSA:

Five percent.

FX: CLOISTER BELL.

DOCTOR:

Activating emergency storage cells. Fingers crossed...

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED, TARDIS WHEEZES TERRIBLY, SHUDDERS.

TURLOUGH:

There's not enough power, we're not going to make it!

DOCTOR:

Come on, old girl. One final push!

NYSSA:

The spaceship, it's entered the planet's atmosphere. It's burning up. Tegan!

DOCTOR:

Have to divert every remaining ounce of energy...

FX: TARDIS WHEEZES AGAIN AND STARTS LANDING.

TURLOUGH:

You did it. We're landing.

DOCTOR:

In the very loosest sense. Hold on tight!

FX: TARDIS CRASH LANDS. CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 3. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. [CONTINUOUS]

VIBRATION ENDS. B/G CONTROL ROOM HUM FADES OUT FROM NOW ON.

DOCTOR:

Everyone alright?

TURLOUGH:

I'm fine. Nyssa?

NYSSA:

Yes. It's Tegan I'm more worried about. What happened to the spaceship?

FX: DOCTOR OPERATES CONTROLS, POWER FAILS ON THEM AS HE DOES SO, WE HEAR BUTTONS AND SWITCHES CLICKING.

DOCTOR:

I don't know. The console is... dead.

TURLOUGH:

Dead?

DOCTOR:

There's no power for the instruments. Nothing.

NYSSA:

And the scanner's blank.

FX: LIGHTS GOING OUT SOUND EFFECT — SEE 'DEATH TO THE DALEKS'.

TURLOUGH:

If that wasn't bad enough, there go the lights!

FX: TARDIS NOW SILENT. CHURCH ECHO ON VOICES AND FOOTSTEPS.

NYSSA:

But we did land, didn't we?

DOCTOR:

As far as I can tell. We're somewhere on that planet. But what it's like — well, there's only one way to find out.

TURLOUGH:

Go outside.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

NYSSA:

But we don't even know if it has a breathable atmosphere.

DOCTOR:

Then I suggest we open the doors very slowly and carefully.

TURLOUGH:

And how do we do that with no power?

DOCTOR:

We take the manual approach. (REACHES UNDER CONSOLE) I remember stowing a crank handle under the console, just in case..

NYSSA:

Doctor, you don't seem very concerned about Tegan.

DOCTOR:

(FX: FIXES CRANK IN DOOR, TURNING IT AS HE SPEAKS) We made it down in one piece, maybe she did too.

TURLOUGH:

And then what? With the TARDIS out of action, we're trapped here. We have no way of leaving this world, never mind this universe.

DOCTOR:

(TURNING HANDLE) One thing at a time, eh, Turlough?

FX: TARDIS DOORS OPEN. JANISSARY/INDIAN CARNIVAL MUSIC OUTSIDE AS WE CROSS TO:

SCENE 4: EXT. MARKETPLACE.

FX: DISTANT CARNIVAL MUSIC.

DOCTOR: (NARRATION)

We emerged into an alleyway of a shanty town. The buildings were made of stone with roofs of corrugated iron, and decorated with spray-painted murals and wooden carvings. Everything was bathed in the sickly glow of a red sun hanging low in the sky.

FX: INTO STORY. DOCTOR, NYSSA AND TURLOUGH APPROACHING.

NYSSA:

At least the air is breathable, even if it smells of smoke and corroded fuel cells. And, ugh. Rotten food.

TURLOUGH:

The music's coming from down there. Looks like quite a crowd has gathered.

DOCTOR:

Some sort of marketplace? Or a fairground?

FX: THEY APPROACH MARKETPLACE, MOVING AMONGST VENDORS, SOME ALIEN-VOICED. VARIOUS LANGUAGES, INCLUDING IN ENGLISH:

TRADER #1:

Roasted critch-nuts, two creds a scrape. Roasted critch-nuts...

TRADER #2:

All the finest pole-skins and weave, get your pole-skins here.

TRADER #3:

Valto fruit, minnow-whites, bittermeats and protein bakes...

TRADER #4:

Fortune charms and poultices, amulets and talismans...

TRADER #5:

Spacesuits, oxygen condensers, atmospheric filters...

TURLOUGH:

Extraordinary. There must be over a dozen different species.

DOCTOR:

At least, not including us.

NYSSA:

A technologically advanced civilisation, but materially impoverished.

DOCTOR:

Have you noticed something else? The illuminations.

TURLOUGH:

Paper lanterns and oil lamps.

DOCTOR:

No electrical power. These people are suffering the same energy drain that we experienced.

NYSSA:

You mean, electricity doesn't work here?

DOCTOR:

Apparently not. So they've had to get back to basics.

FX: THEY APPROACH FESTIVITIES, MUSIC LOUDER. DANCING.

TURLOUGH:

Makes you wonder what they have to celebrate.

DOCTOR:

Maybe they don't need an excuse. Maybe they need a distraction.

NYSSA:

The costumes, they're like skeletons with skulls for masks.

DOCTOR:

Yes. A memento mori? Or a means to commune with ancestors, like New Orleans' Day of the Dead.

DANCER: (APPROACHING THROUGH CROWD)

Pretty girl, you wanna dance?

NYSSA:

I'm sorry –

DANCER:

You dance, with me, have fun?

NYSSA:

I'm not really in the mood, but thank you. Tell me, what are you celebrating?

DANCER:

You don't know?

NYSSA:

No. We've only just arrived. So what are you celebrating?

DANCER:

(LAUGHS) The end, isn't it!

TURLOUGH:

The end of what?

DANCER:

Of everything, my friend! The lights are going out, out, out!

DOCTOR:

Yes, we've noticed, we had similar trouble when we landed –

DANCER:

Every night, stars in the sky, fewer than the night before. That's why we come to Apollyon, for the carnival of death. You sure you don't wanna dance, pretty girl?

NYSSA:

Yes, quite sure.

DANCER: (LEAVING)

If you say-so, bye-bye. Don't let the Sandmen touch you!

FX: HE REJOINS THE DANCE. OUR HEROES MOVE THROUGH MARKET.

TURLOUGH:

They're celebrating the end of the universe. Well, I suppose it makes sense to have fun while you still can.

DOCTOR:

"Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think." Odd thing, this universe should have centuries left, but the way he was talking, you'd think it was only a matter of days.

NYSSA:

He said the stars were going out. Maybe it is.

DOCTOR:

So they've all come here to Apollyon. The land of the dead. Refugees from every corner of E-Space congregating for one final knees-up – (REACTS) Get down!

FX: A SPACESHIP ROARS OVERHEAD, DEAFENING. REVELLERS REACT.

TURLOUGH:

It's going to crash!

NYSSA:

No, it's fired its retro-rockets. Just in time.

FX: SPACESHIP ROARS AWAY INTO DISTANCE, ENGINES THUNDERING.

TURLOUGH:

I thought there was supposed to be no power here.

DOCTOR:

That ship was venting fuel to slow its descent. It would only do that if it was under manual control.

NYSSA:

It came down somewhere over there, behind those watch-towers. Doctor. If that spaceship managed to land –

DOCTOR:

– then maybe Tegan's did too, exactly!

FX: THEY HEAD OFF. CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 5. EXT. LANDING AREA.

FX: SPACESHIP HYDRAULICS HISSING, ENGINES POWERING DOWN.

TURLOUGH: (APPROACHING, LOUD WHISPER)
It's a spaceship graveyard!

NYSSA:
Doctor, over there! That's the ship that Tegan was on.

DOCTOR:
You're right. Looks like they managed a soft landing.

FX: HEAVING, HEAVY WOODEN PLANKS CREAKING, CHAINS CLANKING.
WILD TRACK OF SHOUTS OF 'OVER HERE', 'THIS WAY'.

TURLOUGH:
Only by using the landing gear as shock-absorbers. It'll never take off again. No wonder they're hauling it away for scrap.

DOCTOR:
What?

TURLOUGH:
Over there. They're preparing some sort of winching mechanism.

DOCTOR:
A treadwheel crane and lifting tower. I haven't seen anything like it since the early middle ages.

NYSSA:
Presumably the only technology that still works –

DOCTOR:
(WHISPER) Keep your head down, or they'll see us!

FX: IN THE DISTANCE, TEGAN IS BEING LED OFF A SHIP BY BRANARACK AND SEVERAL OTHER PIRATES.

TEGAN:
You could at least lend me a coat, it's brass monkeys out here!

BRANARACK:
Cease your whining!

TEGAN:
Don't you tell me to shut up, you overdressed Neanderthal!

PIRATES:
(AMUSEMENT)

BRANARACK:

(LAUGHS) Oh, the damsel is full of fighting spirit. Just what we need!

TEGAN:

You just wait, Long John Silver, I'll show you fighting spirit, right where it hurts!

BRANARACK:

(LAUGHS) Promises, promises! Alright, lads, bring her along! And try not to damage her too much, she's our ticket out of here!

FX: TEGAN HAULED AWAY BY AMUSED PIRATES.

NYSSA:

They've got Tegan.

DOCTOR:

Yes. I'm not sure who to feel sorry for most.

TURLOUGH:

There's too many of them for us to take on.

DOCTOR:

Not to mention the fact that they're armed with muskets. We'll just have to follow and see where they're taking her. Come on!

FX: THEY FOLLOW. CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 6. EXT. CITADEL GATES.

FX: WALKING THROUGH TOWN UNDER THE FOLLOWING:

DOCTOR: (NARRATION)

We followed Tegan and her abductors through the winding streets, following the bobbing glow of their oil lamps, taking care to remain out of sight. After half an hour we came to the ruins of an ancient castle. A high metal fence topped with barbed wire surrounded the crumbling remains. The only way in was through an iron doorway guarded by two robots resembling medieval suits of armour.

FX: ROBOT SENTINELS ARE STEAM-DRIVEN SO HISS, CHUG AND CLANK.

SENTINEL:

Only those with a tribute may enter.

BRANARACK:

This wench is my tribute.

TEGAN: (STRUGGLING)

No I'm not. Whatever it is, I have nothing to do with this.

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS, INSPECTING HER.

SENTINEL:

The tribute is satisfactory. You may enter.

FX: DOORWAY OPENS.

BRANARACK:

There you are, lads, told you it'd work. In we go.

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS.

SENTINEL:

Only one may enter with the tribute. No other.

BRANARACK:

No need to get all steamed up. – Alright lads, you heard our tinpot friend. You wait back at the Buccaneer, I'll sort everything.

PIRATES:

(PROTESTS) Come off it, Cap'n Branarack! / You expect us to trust you? [ETC]

BRANARACK:

I can hardly leave without you, can I? Not that the thought would even cross my mind. I won't be long. Captain's honour!

PIRATES:

(RESIGNED CUSSING AS THEY DEPART) Alright, alright! / We'll trust ye, fools that we are...!

FX: DURING NEXT 4 LINES, WE SHIFT TO VANTAGE POINT IN CROWD.

BRANARACK:

Come on, wench.

TEGAN:

You'd better hope you're not within kicking distance when I get out of these chains.

BRANARACK:

You ain't getting out of those chains, not for the foreseeable. Now move!

TEGAN:

(PROTESTING) Hey!

FX: HE DRAGS TEGAN AWAY. DOOR CLOSES.

DOCTOR:

I wonder what's in there they're so keen to protect.

TURLOUGH:

I assume we're going to go in and find out.

NYSSA:

We have to get past those robots first.

DOCTOR:

Well, we could try asking them nicely.

FX: THEY APPROACH.

TURLOUGH:

How can robots even function, without electricity?

DOCTOR:

Through a combination of steam and clockwork, apparently. Rather impressive, don't you think?

SENTINEL:

Access to the citadel is restricted. Only those with a tribute may enter.

DOCTOR:

And if I don't have a tribute, I can't come in?

SENTINEL:

Only those with a tribute may enter.

NYSSA:

(TO SENTINEL) I am the Doctor's tribute.

DOCTOR:

(WHISPER) Nyssa!

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS, INSPECTING HER.

SENTINEL:

The tribute is satisfactory. You may enter.

FX: DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. Just straight on down the passage, is it? Come on Nyssa, Turlough.

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS.

SENTINEL:

Only one may enter with the tribute. No other.

DOCTOR:

Ah. Turlough, would you like to go back to the TARDIS and wait for us there?

TURLOUGH:

Not particularly, no.

DOCTOR:

I thought as much. (TO SENTINEL) Hello! Turlough here is my tribute too.

TURLOUGH:

What?

SENTINEL:

Only one tribute is required.

DOCTOR:

But is there any rule saying I can't have more? Consider it a goodwill gesture. A free gift!

SENTINEL:

You may enter with your two tributes.

DOCTOR:

Thank you, most kind.

FX: DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND THEM WITH ECHOING SLAM.

SCENE 7. INT. PRISON.

FX: MOANING PRISONERS OCCASIONALLY RATTLING METAL CUPS ON BARS. SENTINELS CLANKING ABOUT — LIKE NUTS AND BOLTS FACTORY.

DOCTOR: (NARRATION)

We found ourselves in a long antechamber that stank of damp straw. It was lit with flaming torches and lined with metal cages, each containing several captives in dirty rags.

SENTINEL:

Wait here with your tributes.

DOCTOR:

What? But I want to see whoever's in charge.

SENTINEL:

You will. But first you must wait.

TURLOUGH:

And I presume any attempt to resist will be punished?

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS.

SENTINEL:

Any attempt to resist will be terminal. Enter the cage.

NYSSA:

But we're looking for someone, a friend of ours called [Tegan]

SENTINEL:

Enter the cage!

DOCTOR:

I think we'd better do as it says.

FX: THEY ENTER. STRAW-COVERED FLOOR.

TURLOUGH:

I'm beginning to think that this wasn't a very clever idea.

FX: CAGE DOOR SLAMS AND LOCKS, CLANKING. SENTINEL STOMPS OFF.

DOCTOR:

Charming. It could at least have offered us a cup of tea.

NYSSA:

I can't see Tegan anywhere, can you?

DOCTOR:

No. Although it appears we have a cell-mate.

CHERRYANNE:

(STIRS) You are looking for the woman who just came in?

NYSSA:

Yes, did you see her?

CHERRYANNE:

She was taken to be prepared.

DOCTOR:

Prepared for what? Oh no, let me guess. Sacrifice.

CHERRYANNE:

That's what we're here for. Some of us are volunteers. But most of us were dragged off the streets and brought here to die.

TURLOUGH:

But why? What are these sacrifices for?

CHERRYANNE:

We are the price that must be paid for freedom. We die so that others can live. I'm sorry. You will not see your friend again.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I wouldn't be so sure of that. Turlough, keep an eye out for our steam-driven jailer, could you?

FX: HISSING, GURGLING OFF.

TURLOUGH:

It seems to be busy re-filling itself with coal and water.

DOCTOR:

Good. Nyssa, what do you make of the lock?

NYSSA:

Rusty, nearly corroded solid, of a rudimentary design. (FX: STARTS PICKING LOCK) I should be able to unpick it with my brooch. Adric once showed me how.

CHERRYANNE:

You think you can get free?

DOCTOR:

Given time, I don't see why not... Sorry. We haven't been introduced. I'm the Doctor, this is Turlough -

TURLOUGH:

Hello.

DOCTOR:

- and my friend unpicking the lock is Nyssa.

CHERRYANNE:

My name is Cherryanne.

DOCTOR:

Delighted to share a cage with you, Cherryanne. Well, not delighted, but you know what I mean. You're not from this world, are you?

CHERRYANNE:

No, my brother and I are from Bellezar. Our village sold all their belongings to secure us passage on a freight ship. For two months we were kept in the hold, huddling in the cold and dark with a dozen others from our world, half-expecting to be ejected into space at any instant.

TURLOUGH:

But you were brought here safely?

CHERRYANNE:

The ship crashed, killing the crew and most of the passengers. My brother and I, and a few others, survived and fled into the settlement, where we begged for food and shelter.

DOCTOR:

So how did you end up here?

CHERRYANNE:

Two days ago, I was kidnapped by a riot gang. My brother... I don't know if he's alive or dead.

TURLOUGH:

But why come to Apollyon? Why leave Bellezar?

CHERRYANNE:

Because of the great darkness spreading across the heavens. The hungry night. We knew it would consume our planet, and had heard tell of a way out, a gateway to another universe.

TURLOUGH:

A CVE! There's a CVE somewhere on this planet.

DOCTOR:

Yes. It would explain a great deal.

CHERRYANNE:

I saw our home star fade away in a matter of seconds. Everyone on Bellezar, all those people...

DOCTOR:

I'm very sorry.

NYSSA:

And so am I. My world met a similar fate. Doctor. I've unlocked the door.

FX: CAGE OPENS. CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 8. INT. PRISON. [CONTINUOUS]

FX: THEY EMERGE FROM CAGE.

DOCTOR:

Cherryanne, do you know where they would have taken Tegan to be 'prepared'?

CHERRYANNE:

I don't, the sentinels took her. I -

SENTINEL:

Alert. A holding-cage has been unsecured. Alert!

FX: DURING THIS, AN ALARM SOUNDS - A CLANGING BELL, LIKE ON AN OLD TRAIN.

DOCTOR:

That didn't take them long. Nyssa, take Cherryanne, find a way out.

NYSSA:

But Doctor -

DOCTOR:

I'll find you, just get yourselves to safety. Go!

NYSSA:

Very well. Goodbye, Doctor, Turlough.

FX: NYSSA AND CHERRYANNE RUN.

TURLOUGH:

Shouldn't we run too?

DOCTOR:

Not if we want to find Tegan.

FX: SENTINEL APPROACHES THEM.

SENTINEL:

Halt. Do not move.

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, we're not going anywhere.

FX: SENTINEL HALTS.

SENTINEL:

Why did you interfere with the holding-cage?

DOCTOR:

To get your attention. You see, my tribute and I, we're in rather a hurry, and we don't appreciate being kept waiting.

TURLOUGH:

Or being treated like common thieves.

DOCTOR:

So if you could just take us to whoever's in charge, that would be super.

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS.

SENTINEL:

Your request is granted. You are to be granted an audience with Science-tech Pallister.

DOCTOR:

Excellent. Lead on, Macduff.

FX: SENTINEL STARTS MOVING. THEY FOLLOW. CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 9. INT. PALLISTER'S CONTROL ROOM [FEW MINUTES LATER]

FX: FADE UP. BUBBLING FLASKS, STEAM ENGINES, FRANKENSTEIN'S LABORATORY. DOOR OPENS, DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH LED IN BY SENTINEL.

PALLISTER:

Ah. So you're the one who broke from one of my cages.

DOCTOR:

You will have to forgive our impatience.

PALLISTER:

And this is your tribute? – What is he, ex-Terran?

DOCTOR:

Do you know, I'm not entirely sure.

TURLOUGH:

This is hardly the time –

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS.

SENTINEL:

Physiology approximates to ex-Terran. Life force register nine.

PALLISTER:

Nine? Yes, yes, that will be most satisfactory.

TURLOUGH:

Satisfactory for what?

PALLISTER:

Sorry, why would you offer a tribute if you didn't know?

DOCTOR:

Turlough isn't a tribute. We've come to offer you our help.

PALLISTER:

You're a science-tech? Speciality?

DOCTOR:

Oh, practically everything. People call me the Doctor.

PALLISTER:

And what makes you think I need your help?

DOCTOR:

This laboratory of yours is extraordinary. All based around non-electrical technology. You even have a computer, after a fashion. A difference engine! Babbage never could get his to work.

PALLISTER:

Who is this 'Babbage'?

DOCTOR:

And these robots are your creations, I assume?

PALLISTER:

The sentinels, yes. Designed and built by my hand.

DOCTOR:

Most ingenious. An inspired piece of engineering.

PALLISTER:

You are too kind, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I could suggest a few improvements, of course, but we'll save that for later. I'm rather more interested in how you've managed to open a gateway to another universe.

PALLISTER:

You mean, the portal? Oh, I didn't open it, Doctor. It's always been present on this world, in one form or another.

TURLOUGH:

It's the reason why electricity doesn't work here?

PALLISTER:

Of course. Any energy on this planet is drained through the portal like water down a plughole.

DOCTOR:

But it's not merely drawing energy from this world. It's drawing it from this entire universe.

PALLISTER:

Indeed, indeed. According to my observations, we're experiencing both dimensional contraction and heat death.

DOCTOR:

A simultaneous big crunch and big freeze.

TURLOUGH:

So what are you trying to do? Close the CVE?

PALLISTER:

Of course not, that would be quite, quite futile. No. I'm trying to open it.

(LINKING MUSIC)

SCENE 10. EXT. PORTAL [FEW MINUTES LATER]

FX: FADE UP. THE PORTAL THROBS AND CRACKLES, PLUS CONSTANT WATERFALL ROAR, BUT WITH SPACEY EFFECTS. PALLISTER WALKS UP, FOLLOWED BY DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH.

PALLISTER:

Behold. The portal.

DOCTOR: (NARRATION)

It was a whirlpool, a swirling vortex suspended above the flagstones of an ancient courtyard. Viewed from the front was like looking down Niagara Falls; viewed from the side, it was two-dimensional, like an image on a cinema screen. In front of the portal was a structure made of wooden scaffolding, comprising of a railway track ending in a wooden ramp pivoted at one end like a drawbridge.

PALLISTER:

The citadel was built around this and other such portals, but now this is all that remains. Given sufficient energy, it can be temporarily stabilised to permit egress.

TURLOUGH:

But how can a spaceship fly through there, with no power?

PALLISTER:

The ship is winched up those tracks; then, once it's in position, the ramp is tilted so it can descend into the maelstrom.

DOCTOR:

And return to N-Space.

PALLISTER:

In the vicinity of a G-type star, where it can refuel its solar cells. Not exactly high-tech, but it works.

TURLOUGH:

But the portal can only be stabilised temporarily?

PALLISTER:

The interface between the universes is weakening, growing ever-more unstable.

DOCTOR:

Yes, it would. The two universes are pulling apart.

TURLOUGH:

But if the portal is constantly draining any energy source, how can you stabilise it?

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS UP TO HIM. FOLLOWED BY BRANARACK.

SENTINEL:

Pallister. This human wishes to speak to you.

BRANARACK:

Aye, so I do.

PALLISTER:

Ah, Captain Branarack. – Doctor, Turlough, if you'll excuse me.

DOCTOR:

Not at all.

PALLISTER:

Sentinel one, make sure they don't accidentally wander off.

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

TURLOUGH:

(QUIET) Doctor, that's the man we saw –

DOCTOR:

(QUIET) Yes, so Tegan can't be far away.

PALLISTER:

So, Captain, is your tribute prepared?

BRANARACK:

I've strapped her in the induction chamber, as requested. She put up quite a struggle. Gave me a few bruises!

PALLISTER:

Full of life, that's what I like to hear. Very well. If you'd like to return to your ship, I'll have it brought to the portal.

BRANARACK:

It's already loaded onto the tracks and connected to the winching-chain. My crew are onboard.

PALLISTER:

Excellent. Once you've rejoined them, I'll be in radio contact.

BRANARACK:

Ha! The sooner I'm rid of this benighted universe, the better.

FX: BRANARACK LEAVES.

DOCTOR:

So that's what the tributes are for. To provide the energy to stabilise the portal so a ship can pass through.

PALLISTER:

There is a great deal of energy contained within the molecular bonds of all living tissue. It is simply a matter of drawing it out, by a process of magnetic induction.

DOCTOR:

Using human beings as chemical batteries.

TURLOUGH:

It's obscene.

PALLISTER:

It's a matter of necessity. We are no longer in a position to afford moral luxuries. How else are we to escape the death of this universe? Perhaps you would care for a demonstration?

SCENE 11. INT. POWER VAULT [FEW MOMENTS LATER]

FX: CRACKLE OF STATIC, RUMBLE OF IMMENSE POWER. DOCTOR AND COLED ACCOMPANIED BY CLANKING SENTINELS.

DOCTOR: (NARRATION)

He led us into a vaulted chamber, like the nave of a cathedral. But instead of an altar there was an alcove, made of wire mesh and surrounded by heavy-duty power cables. And in that alcove, manacled by her wrists, was Tegan!

TEGAN:

Doctor! Turlough! About time you turned up!

DOCTOR:

Delighted to see you too. You haven't been harmed?

TEGAN:

Apart from being trussed up in this thing, never better.

PALLISTER:

You know this... female?

TURLOUGH:

She's an old friend.

PALLISTER:

Oh dear, that is inconvenient. You have my sincere condolences.

DOCTOR:

What?

TURLOUGH:

You have to get her out of there!

PALLISTER:

She's Captain Branarack's tribute, and I fear that upsetting him would be more than my life's worth.

TURLOUGH:

But you can't kill an innocent person.

PALLISTER:

Unless you can provide a replacement, I don't have a great deal of choice. Sentinels one and two -

DOCTOR:

Please, you needn't arrest us.

PALLISTER:

Stand by. Break them both if they try to interfere.

SENTINELS:

As commanded.

FX: MENACING CLANKS. PALLISTER ACTIVATES PRIMITIVE VALVE RADIO.

PALLISTER:

Science-tech Pallister calling the Buccaneer. Are you receiving me?

BRANARACK: (DISTORT)

Buccaneer receiving, not very loud and not very clear.

PALLISTER:

All set for egress?

BRANARACK: (DISTORT)

- just get on with it, you blithering dolt!

PALLISTER:

Very good. Stand by. Activating winch.

FX: LEVER PULLED, STEAM ENGINE ROARS/GUSHES INTO LIFE.

DOCTOR:

Pallister. Listen. There has to be another means of generating power.

PALLISTER:

(ADJUSTING MACHINES) I'm afraid not. Only organic tissue is a viable energy source. I wish there was some other way, but my hands are tied.

TEGAN:

Your hands are tied? What about mine?

PALLISTER:

I'm sorry. Your life - or rather, your death - will enable others to escape the collapse of this universe.

(FX: PULLS A FINAL LEVER AS HE SAYS THIS LINE)

TURLOUGH:

Doctor. Look.

DOCTOR: (NARRATION)

Outside, the pirate's spaceship was being winched up a funicular railway laid through the terraced gardens of the citadel. I looked out at the overgrown gardens, at the stone balustrades and the eroded, moss-covered sculptures of lions and ancient knights. And then I realised.

DOCTOR:

I've been here before.

TURLOUGH:

What?

DOCTOR:

This castle. I've walked in its grounds.

TURLOUGH:

When?

DOCTOR:

In my previous incarnation. It was on the other side of the gateway.

TEGAN:

How does that help us?

DOCTOR:

(REALISING) Of course. The vastly accelerated rate of decay. This universe should have hundreds of years left if the CVE remained a constant size.

TURLOUGH:

But whenever the CVE is stabilised and forced open wider –

DOCTOR:

It hastens the process. And brings forward the day of reckoning!

PALLISTER:

What does it matter? All we can do is to try to save as many as we can. Ship in position. Elevating platform.

FX: LEVERS PULLED.

DOCTOR: (NARRATION)

Outside, the ramp beneath the pirate's spaceship lifted off the ground and began to tilt down towards the portal.

FX: RADIO ON.

PALLISTER:

Calling Buccaneer. – Good fortune, Captain. See you on the other side.

TEGAN:

Doctor, help me!

DOCTOR:

Pallister. Stop. You're making a terrible mistake!

PALLISTER:

Too late, Doctor. But don't worry. The process is very swift.

FX: LEVERS PULLED. HIDEOUS, TERRIFYING CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY.

TEGAN:

(IN PAIN UNDER THE FOLLOWING)

DOCTOR: (NARRATION)

Pallister pulled the lever, and the alcove containing Tegan began to flicker with forks of blue lightning.

TEGAN:

Doctor... please! Do something!

DOCTOR: (NARRATION)

Meanwhile outside, the dimensional portal expanded until it was over forty feet high. And within, the whirlpool was replaced by the sight of a galaxy full of stars. The universe of N-Space.

PALLISTER:

Releasing winch-locks. (FX: LEVER PULLED)

DOCTOR: (NARRATION)

And slowly but surely the spacecraft slid down the ramp towards the portal...

TEGAN:

(AGONISING SCREAM...)

(... INTO CLOSING THEME)

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

(NO REPRISE)

SCENE 12. INT. ADRIC'S HOUSE.

FX: TARDIS DOOR OPENS.

TEGAN:
Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Ah, Tegan, feeling any better?

TEGAN:
A little. (SEES ADRIC) Adric.

ADRIC:
It's good to see you again. Where have you been?

DOCTOR:
Tegan and Turlough have been in a state of induced d-sleep, to help them recover.

TEGAN:
Have you told him, about Nyssa?

DOCTOR:
That he won't be seeing her again? Yes.

TEGAN:
But what about what happened, why she got left behind?

ADRIC:
The Doctor was in the process of telling me.

DOCTOR:
I'd just got to the point where you were strapped into the induction chamber, do you remember?

TEGAN:
I'm hardly likely to forget.

DOCTOR:
Then maybe you'd like to take over while I check on Turlough.

TEGAN:
Not particularly.

DOCTOR:

Good. I'll be back in a minute.

FX: DOCTOR ENTERS TARDIS.

TEGAN:

I'm sorry, Adric. Nyssa loved you so much, you know.

ADRIC:

Not quite enough to make sure she came here straight away, it seems.

TEGAN:

That wasn't her fault, that was...

ADRIC:

The Doctor's?

TEGAN:

I didn't say that.

ADRIC:

But it's true, isn't it? That's what you think?

TEGAN:

I don't know what to think. I've only just woken up.

ADRIC:

Sorry. It's just... hard not to want to scream at someone. Tell me what happened next, after you were put in the induction chamber.

TEGAN:

Right, well, that maniac Pallister switched it on and I thought I was a goner, when all of a sudden the lights went out...

FX: INTO NEXT SCENE.

SCENE 13. INT. POWER VAULT.

FX: SUDDEN POWER FAILURE, PLUG PULLED, STEAM ENGINES HAYWIRE.

PALLISTER:

(PULLING LEVERS) Magnetic induction failure. Power outage. This can't be happening!

DOCTOR:

It seems your machine isn't quite as reliable as you thought, Pallister.

TURLOUGH:

(ALARM) I suggest you take a look outside, both of you.

PALLISTER:

What? (SEES) The portal! It's contracting! Destabilising!

TURLOUGH:

And that spaceship's still heading right for it.

DOCTOR:

I doubt Captain Branarack is going to be too pleased when it's torn to pieces.

PALLISTER:

I must raise the platform. Halt the descent!

FX: HEAVY CLANKING, CRUNCHING GEARS. STEAM.

PALLISTER:

(RELAXES) Done it.

TURLOUGH:

With only a few feet to spare.

FX: RADIO.

BRANARACK: (DISTORT)

Pallister! What in the name of the seven ice-moons of Parthenon do you think you're playing at?

PALLISTER:

A minor malfunction, Captain, a fused circuit or broken connection –

BRANARACK: (DISTORT)

'A minor malfunction'? We were nearly hurled into the jaws of doom just as they were snapping shut!

PALLISTER:

My apologies, I'll investigate the problem right away...

BRANARACK: (DISTORT)

First of all you'll bring the Buccaneer level, I don't trust this contraption of yours –

PALLISTER:

Yes, of course. Lowering platform.

FX: LEVERS, CLANKING. MACHINE POWERS DOWN.

BRANARACK: (DISTORT)

And you'd better get things working again, because the last person who failed me, ended up with –

FX: PALLISTER SWITCHES OFF RADIO.

PALLISTER:

Yes, I'm sure they did.

TEGAN:

Any chance one of you could get me out of this thing?

PALLISTER:

(SEEING HER) Alive and healthy, good, good. Save us having to find another tribute.

DOCTOR:

The offer is still open, you know. My friend and I can help.

PALLISTER:

Help? What with?

DOCTOR:

Well, for a start, getting your machine working again.

PALLISTER:

For all I know, you were the ones who sabotaged it.

TURLOUGH:

How could we have done that? We've been with you the whole time.

DOCTOR:

What I suggest is this: We help you find and repair the fault, and in return, you release Tegan.

PALLISTER:

Very well. But any hint of treachery, and I'll have her killed.

TEGAN:

Doctor, you're not agreeing to co-operate with this lunatic?

DOCTOR:

I don't see that we have any choice, if we're going to save your life and stand any sort of chance of getting home.

TEGAN:

Alright. So, which of you's going to let me out of here?

PALLISTER:

Ah, not just yet. You can remain here.

TEGAN:

What? Doctor, tell him –

DOCTOR:

Sorry, Tegan. We'll be back as soon as possible.

TEGAN:

Turlough!

TURLOUGH:

The Doctor's right. You might as well get comfortable.

TEGAN:

Comfortable he says! Trussed up like a chicken...

PALLISTER:

Sentinel one, come with us. Sentinel two. Wait here with the woman. Make sure no-one else comes near, understand?

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS.

PALLISTER:

Good. Doctor, Turlough. The power generator is in the vault directly beneath here, if you'd like to follow me.

DOCTOR:

(AS THEY GO) Only too delighted.

FX: SENTINEL LEAVES WITH DOCTOR, TURLOUGH AND CO DURING THIS. DOOR CLOSSES. CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 14. INT. POWER VAULT [CONTINUOUS]

TEGAN:

Great. The boys get to go and play with their toys while muggins here gets left behind. Chained to a griddle with nothing but a suit of armour for company.

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS.

TEGAN:

Don't talk much, do you?

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS, APPROACHES.

TEGAN:

Hey, what do you want... keep back!

FX: CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!. THEN SENTINEL HALTS. HEAD UNSCREWED.

CHERRYANNE:

(DEEP BREATH) Ah, that's better. You have no idea how hot it is in there. Hello, Tegan.

TEGAN:

Who might you be when you're at home?

CHERRYANNE:

My name's Cherryanne. I'm a friend of Nyssa's.

TEGAN:

You know Nyssa?

CHERRYANNE:

She was the one who cut the power.

TEGAN:

While you sneaked in here disguised as a robot?

CHERRYANNE:

Nyssa and I overpowered one of the sentinels and removed its workings. Well, Nyssa did most of the work. I've come to rescue you. If you'll hold still...

FX: TEGAN'S MANACLES UNDONE, SHE STUMBLES FORWARD.

TEGAN:

(RELIEF) Thank you, much appreciated. So where is Nyssa now?

CHERRYANNE:

Hiding nearby. If you can walk, I'll take you to her.

TEGAN:

I can walk. But what about you? Do you want me to help you out of that medieval get-up?

CHERRYANNE:

Not just yet. If you could help me get my helmet back on, we can pose as prisoner and escort.

(LINKING MUSIC)

SCENE 15. INT. CORRIDOR NEAR PRISON [FEW MINUTES LATER]

FX: FADE UP. PRISON AMBIENCE AUDIBLE. SENTINEL CLANKS TOWARDS US.

CHERRYANNE: (MUFFLED)
Nyssa! It's us!

NYSSA: (EMERGING FROM HIDING)
Tegan! You're unharmed! (HUG)

TEGAN:
Just about. Apparently I have you to thank for saving my life.

NYSSA:
We knew you would be the next 'tribute' so, while Cherryanne went to find you, I went to the vault containing Pallister's power generator and, well, sabotaged it.

TEGAN:
In the nick of time. I was about to be used as a human battery.

NYSSA:
What about the Doctor and Turlough, where are they?

TEGAN:
With Pallister. They offered to help him get his machine working again. In return for not killing me.

NYSSA:
Oh no.

TEGAN:
What is it?

NYSSA:
I only had time to fuse a couple of circuits, it won't take them long to repair the damage.

TEGAN:
And once they've done that, they're going to notice I've gone walkabout.

NYSSA:
Yes. We have to get out of here.

TEGAN:
Well, with a 'sentinel' to lead the way, hopefully that shouldn't be too difficult.

NYSSA:
Ready, Cherryanne?

CHERRYANNE: (MUFFLED)

I'll give it my best shot. Walk ahead of me, I'll try to look like I'm pushing you.

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS.

NYSSA/TEGAN:

(SHOVED) Ow!

TEGAN:

No need to over-do it.

FX: THEY WALK ON. CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 16. EXT. TOWN [SOME TIME LATER]

FX: WIND WHIPPING TARPAULIN ROOFS. THUNDER. TORRENTIAL RAIN.

TEGAN: (NARRATION)

We made it out of the citadel easy enough, emerging into a icy, windy night. Once we were in the clear, Cherryanne removed her armour and hid it in a rubbish tip. Then she led us through the gaslit streets to her home, a small wooden hut with a tarpaulin roof.

FX: RUSTY DOOR SQUEAKS AS CHERRYANNE, TEGAN AND NYSSA ENTER HUT. CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 17. INT. CHERRYANNE'S HUT [CONTINUOUS]

FX: DOOR SHUTS BEHIND CHERRYANNE, TEGAN & NYSSA.

TEGAN: (NARRATION)

Inside, a frail figure lay on a mattress on the floor.

CHERRYANNE:

This is my brother, Raldarin.

RALDARIN:

Cherry – who are these?

CHERRYANNE:

Friends. This is Tegan, and Nyssa.

TEGAN/NYSSA

Hello./Hello.

RALDARIN:

You were gone so long, what happened to you?

CHERRYANNE:

I was taken by a riot gang, trying to use me to buy their way off this world. But I escaped. With the help of Nyssa.

RALDARIN:

Then I am... forever grateful.

CHERRYANNE:

Now, you must get some rest. Have you eaten?

RALDARIN:

No good, food all rotten.

CHERRYANNE:

Then we shall get some more once it's light. Now, wrap up warm. You've let the fire go out again.

FX: SHE DIGS OUT SOME MORE BLANKETS FROM WOODEN DRAWERS.

RALDARIN:

I dreamt of Bellezar. So far away, but getting nearer.

CHERRYANNE:

Don't talk like that. Now. Try to get some sleep.

RALDARIN:

You won't go away?

CHERRYANNE:

I won't go away.

FX: RALDARIN HUDDLES HIMSELF IN BED. CHERRYANNE BUSYING HERSELF TIDYING THE ROOM, MOVING CONTAINERS, DURING THE FOLLOWING.

NYSSA:

Do you have any more blankets?

CHERRYANNE:

What you see is all I have.

NYSSA:

Then he can have my jacket.

TEGAN:

What about you?

RALDARIN:

(IN B/G, SNORING GENTLY, NOT TOO DISTRACTING!)

NYSSA:

I'm young, I'll be fine.

TEGAN:

You're not as young as you look. Speaking of which. Cherryanne, I don't mean to talk out of turn, but this guy is your brother?

CHERRYANNE:

Yes –

TEGAN:

But he must be.. fifty years older than you at least.

CHERRYANNE:

Looks are deceptive. He's only two years older than me.

TEGAN:

What? Then what happened to him?

CHERRYANNE:

He was infected. With the entropy plague.

NYSSA:

The entropy plague?

CHERRYANNE:

The blight of this universe. On some worlds it is called 'the Dusty Death'. On others it is known as 'The Wasting'.

TEGAN:

And it makes people older?

CHERRYANNE:

It makes them decay. The process of ageing accelerated. Their skin grows dry and wrinkled. Their limbs become thin and weak. And then... well, just look at my brother's left hand.

TEGAN:

It's cracked, like a mud-lake during a drought. (DISMAY) And he's lost two fingers.

CHERRYANNE:

He's turning to dust, literally crumbling away, piece by piece.

NYSSA:

Oh no.

CHERRYANNE:

His hand was the first part of him to be affected, before it spread to the rest of his body. (SUDDEN) Don't get too close –

TEGAN:

Why? What is it?

CHERRYANNE:

I don't know whether it's true, but some people believe it is transmitted through touch.

TEGAN:

Is there a cure? There must be a cure? Nyssa?

NYSSA:

No. I don't – I don't think there's anything anyone can do.

TEGAN:

What? That doesn't sound like you.

NYSSA:

Don't you remember, Tegan? You've seen this before. You told me. This is what happened to the Monitor on Logopolis.

TEGAN:

(REMEMBERS) Oh no. Entropy.

NYSSA:

And now the same thing's happening here, to this whole universe. The same thing that destroyed Traken. Tegan. This is how my people died.

TEGAN:

The Doctor said something about the CVE. About how it was causing all this.

NYSSA:

Yes. It's draining all the energy, all the binding structure from this universe.

CHERRYANNE:

My brother isn't the only one in this plague with the disease. They're kept out of sight, considered unclean.

TEGAN:

And denied medical treatment?

CHERRYANNE:

Some say the only way of preventing its spread is to destroy the infected. Kill them and burn their remains.

TEGAN:

It's barbaric.

NYSSA:

I recall things weren't so different on your world, when we visited it during the time of plague. And I've seen similar reactions to Lazar's disease and Richter's. Fear of disease can lead people to do terrible, desperate things. Things worse than the disease itself.

CHERRYANNE:

Whenever a new spaceship arrives, Pallister has his sentinels check it for any signs of infection. If they find any, he'll have the ship incinerated with everyone onboard.

NYSSA:

But you avoided that, because your ship crashed.

CHERRYANNE:

If my brother was infected, we didn't know about it, he didn't show any of the signs till later. He didn't bring it here.

NYSSA:

If it's as widespread as you say, it doesn't matter how it got here. What matters is to prevent further infection, and to care for the infected.

TEGAN:

You haven't changed, have you, Nyssa? After all these years, you're still putting other people first – and yourself last.

NYSSA:

It's how I was brought up. And I wouldn't want to be any other way.

SCENE 18. EXT. MARKETPLACE [NEXT DAY]

FX: FADE UP. SIMILAR ATMOS TO CARNIVAL. BUSTLING MARKET, TRADERS, BUYERS, ALIEN LIVESTOCK, COWS, SNORTING HORSES.

TRADERS:

(CALLING ETC, AS IN SCENE 4)

TEGAN: (NARRATION)

The next morning, Nyssa and I left Cherryanne with her brother and went to the marketplace to get food.

TEGAN:

... What are we going to buy stuff with? We haven't any money.

NYSSA:

My hair comb. It has a few precious stones.

TEGAN:

But that's... That must be the last thing you have from Traken.

NYSSA:

We don't have any choice. Unless you have any suggestions?

TEGAN:

No. So what are we going to get? I'm not sure any of this is even edible. What are these? Giant conkers or sea urchins?

NYSSA:

Those look like Alzarian river fruits, they should do.

TEGAN:

Spider-free, I hope.

NYSSA:

(TO TRADER) I'd like these, please.

TRADER:

And what have you got for me?

NYSSA:

This. I hope it'll be acceptable.

TRADER:

Jewellery? Tell you what, you're a pretty girl, the universe is about to end, why not. There you go.

FX: PAPER BAG HANDED OVER.

TEGAN:

I can't help thinking we could've driven a harder bargain.

NYSSA:

Next time you can do the negotiating.

FX: LOW RUMBLING, WHOOSHING OF WIND BEGINS FROM HERE.

TEGAN:

So what else?

NYSSA:

Clean water. Cherryanne said we should try the medical centre.

TEGAN:

(SHIVERS) How far is that?

NYSSA:

Not far, it's near the landing site. Are you alright?

TEGAN:

Just a little cold. Can't you feel it?

NYSSA:

Yes, I —

FX: EARTHQUAKE AND THUNDER. PANIC AMONGST MARKETPLACE, PEOPLE RUNNING, CRYING, YELLING, SURPRISED ALIEN CHICKENS AND HORSES.

TRADERS/CUSTOMERS:

(SUDDEN PANIC)

TEGAN:

What's happening. An earthquake!

NYSSA:

No. I don't think so. Look. At the fruit!

TEGAN: (NARRATION)

I turned, to see all the fruit and vegetables on the market stalls shrivelling up and rotting away before my eyes.

NYSSA:

Entropy. It's affecting the food — the animals — (PAINED)

TEGAN:

Nyssa!

FX: EARTHQUAKE STOPS, CALM RESUMES.

TRADERS/CUSTOMERS:

(CALMING, RETURNING TO THEIR BUSINESS)

NYSSA:

What is it? Why are you looking at me like that? Is there something wrong?

TEGAN:

(HIDING BAD NEWS) Nothing. It doesn't matter. What just happened?

NYSSA:

For a few seconds, the rate of organic decay was increased.

TEGAN:

What does that mean?

NYSSA:

It means Pallister must have got the portal working again.

TEGAN:

Which means they must've found another tribute.

NYSSA:

Yes. (FX: OPENS PAPER BAG) Oh no. The fruit we just bought. It's putrefied.

TEGAN:

We should ask for our money back. Hey. You.

TRADER:

(MOVING CRATES) What's the matter? Can't you see I've got enough to worry about?

TEGAN:

You sold us this fruit, it's rotten.

TRADER:

Not my fault is it? It's this place. Keeps on happening. My whole stock, ruined. I'll have to defrost another batch.

TEGAN:

What about my friend? She gave you her comb, she should get it back.

TRADER:

Not my problem, love. No refunds, and that's final.

TEGAN:

Oh no it isn't. You're going to —

FX: TRADER PUTS DOWN CRATE. SLISH! OF METAL.

TRADER:

Really? Picking a fight with a fella holding a meat cleaver?
Doesn't strike me as a very strong negotiating position.

NYSSA:

Come on, Tegan, let's go.

FX: THEY HEAD OFF.

TEGAN:

You just wait, mate. We'll be back.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 19. INT. MEDICAL CENTRE [FEW MINUTES LATER]

FX: FADE UP. A REFUGEE CRISIS. CLAMOUR, CHATTER, A CRYING BABY, SENTINELS CLANKING ABOUT KEEPING ORDER.

TEGAN: (NARRATION)

The medical centre was little more than a tent, heaving with refugees of every race and species. A queue snaked towards a row of tables, while the steam-driven robots stood guard.

NYSSA:

(OVER CLAMOUR) Is there anywhere we can get clean water?

REFUGEE:

You're too late. Today's ration's already gone.

TEGAN:

What? How are we supposed to manage without water?

REFUGEE:

Same as the rest of us. Offer yourself up as a tribute for one of the transit-ships, they'll give your family food and water, and passage out of here, if you're lucky.

TEGAN:

For some reason the idea doesn't appeal.

REFUGEE:

Then what are you doing here? You see all these people? They're not lining up for medical treatment. They're lining up to offer themselves as sacrifices.

TEGAN:

They're volunteering for Pallister's machine?

REFUGEE:

Yes. The sentinels are here to check if we're healthy enough. Most of us aren't.

NYSSA:

The result of long-term entropic exposure.

REFUGEE:

Good luck, hope you make it. Don't let the Sandmen touch you.

FX: REFUGEE HEADS OFF THROUGH CROWD DURING THIS.

NYSSA:

Don't let the Sandmen touch you. That man we met last night said the same thing.

TEGAN:

Just some – (SEES SOMETHING) What on Earth!

NYSSA:

Tegan?

TEGAN:

Over there. The Doctor!

TEGAN: (NARRATION)

The Doctor was at the far end of the tent with 'Science-Tech' Pallister, who seemed to be giving him a guided tour. They looked far too pally for my liking.

NYSSA:

What's he doing here? And where's Turlough?

TEGAN:

Why don't we ask him? After me.

FX: THEY MOVE THROUGH CROWD.

NYSSA:

But if Pallister sees you –

TEGAN:

He won't. He's too busy with that bunch of lizard Hells' Angels.

FX: THEY MOVE THROUGH CROWD.

NYSSA:

Alright. Excuse me... excuse me.

TEGAN: (OVER PREVIOUS LINE)

Sorry, not pushing in, just want to speak to a friend –

FX: THEY REACH THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR:

(CAGEY) Tegan! Nyssa! What are you doing here?

TEGAN:

I was about to ask you the same question.

DOCTOR:

You can't stay here. You have to go. If Pallister sees you...

TEGAN:

Not until you tell me what's going on.

DOCTOR:

There's no time to explain.

TEGAN:

Come on, I know you're up to something.

DOCTOR:

Please, Tegan. You'll just have to trust me.

NYSSA:

Doctor. Where's Turlough?

DOCTOR:

(GUILTY) Turlough is... fine. Listen. Go back to the TARDIS and wait for us there. – Here's my key. Try not to lose it.

TEGAN:

Why are you so chummy with Pallister? He tried to kill me!

DOCTOR:

Because, Tegan, he's the only one with the means to get us back to our own universe.

TEGAN:

What?

DOCTOR:

You saw he could send spaceships through the portal. Well, I'm trying to arrange to have the TARDIS put on board the next one out of here.

TEGAN:

But I thought the machine needed someone to die to work. A 'human battery', you said.

DOCTOR:

I did. It does.

TEGAN:

And you're happy to go along with that?

DOCTOR:

This is a dying universe. If we don't want to die with it, we don't have any choice. Pallister is our only hope.

NYSSA:

But what about everyone else in E-space?

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, Nyssa. I can't save everyone.

TEGAN:

No, all that matters is saving yourself.

DOCTOR:

Not just me. You, Nyssa and Turlough. Would you rather I left you here?

NYSSA:

Tegan, Pallister's coming this way. We have to go.

TEGAN:

You haven't heard the last of this, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure I haven't. Now. Please. Wait in the TARDIS. It's for your own good.

TEGAN:

Come on, Nyssa, let's go.

FX: THEY MOVE AWAY.

NYSSA:

I can't believe the Doctor would leave everyone here to die.

TEGAN:

Yeah, he's full of surprises.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 20. INT. CHERRYANNE'S HUT [FEW MINUTES LATER]

FX: FADE UP. TEGAN AND NYSSA ENTER, PULLING OPEN METAL DOOR. NO WIND.

NYSSA:

Cherryanne? We couldn't get any food, but we collected some rain water, if we boil it – (REACTS)

TEGAN:

Oh no.

RALDARIN:

(HOARSE BREATHING, SINISTER)

CHERRYANNE:

My brother's worse.

TEGAN:

What happened to him?

CHERRYANNE:

You must've felt it, the portal opened. And he... deteriorated.

RALDARIN:

(GROANS) Water.

NYSSA:

We'll get you some water in a moment. I just want to look at you.

TEGAN:

Careful, Nyssa, don't get too close.

RALDARIN:

Please. Water. (BRIEF GASP OF PAIN)

FX: ARM DISSOLVING.

TEGAN:

His whole arm. It dissolved... like sand in an hourglass!

NYSSA:

The infection has progressed to the rest of his body. Cherryanne, boil the rain water.

CHERRYANNE:

Nyssa, are you – you look –

NYSSA:

Just do it!

CHERRYANNE:

Right, yes.

FX: GAS HEATER LIT.

NYSSA:

Tegan, we'll need something to use as dressings.

TEGAN:

What do you suggest? I only have the clothes I'm standing in.

NYSSA:

Exactly. If we tear off our shirtsleeves and sterilize them in the water, we can use them as bandages.

FX: SHE TEARS OFF A STRIP AS SHE SAYS THIS.

TEGAN:

What about us? We nearly froze to death last night.

NYSSA:

Once I've made Raldarin comfortable, we can go back to the TARDIS and get some more clothes, along with some food and medicine.

TEGAN:

I suppose that makes sense, though wouldn't - [it be]

FX: INTERRUPTED BY CLANKING SENTINELS OUTSIDE.

CHERRYANNE:

Shh! Sentinels.

NYSSA:

Coming this way.

SENTINEL: (FROM OUTSIDE, AMPLIFIED, TANNOY)

The females known as Tegan and Nyssa are required. If you know their location, you will provide it. If they are in your place of habitation, you will surrender them.

TEGAN:

(WHISPER) It wants us!

SENTINEL: (FROM OUTSIDE)

Failure to co-operate will be terminal. Any attempt to withhold the females will be terminal. They must be surrendered!

NYSSA:

We should give ourselves up.

TEGAN:

What? And have Pallister strap us both in his juice extractor and use us as batteries?

NYSSA:

We can't ask Cherryanne and her brother to risk their lives for us.

CHERRYANNE:

You don't need to ask. You saved my life. Now it's my turn.

FX: DURING THIS, SENTINEL APPROACHES OUTSIDE.

NYSSA:

But we —

CHERRYANNE:

I'm not going to argue. Use the blankets to cover yourselves, Quickly!

NYSSA:

Alright, if you insist. Tegan?

TEGAN:

This isn't going to work but I suppose it's worth a try.

FX: THEY COVER THEMSELVES WITH BLANKETS DURING THE ABOVE.

CHERRYANNE:

(WHISPER) It's outside. Don't move.

FX: SENTINEL ENTERS, SHOVING DOOR OPEN.

SENTINEL: (FROM OUTSIDE, AMPLIFIED, TANNY)

The females known as Tegan and Nyssa are required.

CHERRYANNE:

You're looking in the wrong place. They're not here.

SENTINEL:

Any attempt to withhold them will be terminal.

CHERRYANNE:

I told you, they're not here. As you can see, it's just me and my brother.

FX: SENTINEL SCANS.

SENTINEL:

If you discover their location, you will provide it.

CHERRYANNE:

If I see them, you'll be the first to know.

SENTINEL:

Maintain surveillance. Search continuing.

FX: IT LEAVES, CLOSING DOOR, CLANKING OFF DOWN THE STREET.
SCENE CONTINUES:

SCENE 21. INT. CHERRYANNE'S HUT. [CONTINUOUS]

CHERRYANNE:

Alright, it's safe to come out now.

NYSSA:

Thank you. You didn't need to do that.

CHERRYANNE:

The Sentinels will keep looking. So if want to get back to your ship, you should go now.

NYSSA:

We'll be back. And we'll bring medicines, food, water –

CHERRYANNE:

There's no need.

NYSSA:

There's every need. We're not going to abandon you. Are we, Tegan?

TEGAN:

No, of course not.

CHERRYANNE:

Very well. Where is your spaceship?

TEGAN:

It's not a spaceship as such –

NYSSA:

It's not far from the main marketplace.

CHERRYANNE:

Then once you leave here, turn left, there's an alleyway that goes most of the way there, and it's too narrow for Sentinels.

NYSSA:

We'll be back as soon as we can. I promise.

FX: OPENS DOOR.

NYSSA:

It's clear. Let's go.

FX: THEY HEAD OFF.

SCENE 22. EXT. MARKETPLACE [FEW MINUTES LATER]

FX: FADE UP. CELEBRATORY CHATTER, LAUGHTER, MUSIC, DANCING AS BEFORE.

TEGAN: (NARRATION)

We made our way back through the town as the afternoon turned to dusk and people gathered for the carnival of death.

FX: FOOTSTEPS SPLASHING, MOVING AWAY FROM FESTIVITIES.

TEGAN:

(WALKING) How come it's getting dark so quickly?

NYSSA:

(WALKING) Depends on the planet's orbit of rotation. And its sun is a red giant, so not producing much heat or light. Come on! The TARDIS is just down that side-street.

FX: THEY HALT.

TEGAN:

What? Where is it?

NYSSA:

It's gone. The TARDIS has gone.

TEGAN:

Are we sure we're in the right place?

NYSSA:

You can see the indentation on the ground. The TARDIS has been dragged away... towards the citadel.

TEGAN:

So now we really are stuck here. (SHIVERS) And that's the whole warm clothes plan up the Swanee.

NYSSA:

The TARDIS was locked. I've got the only key, it can't leave without us. We just have to find it, that's - [all]

FX: MUSIC CUT OFF WITH CLANGING BELL. CROWD PANICKING.

DANCER:

The Sandmen are coming! They're here! The Sandmen are coming! Everyone! Run for your lives! The Sandmen are coming!

FX: PANIC AMONGST REVELLERS, TRADERS PACKING UP, MOVING OUT.

TEGAN: (OVER PREVIOUS LINE)

The Sandmen? What's he on about?

NYSSA:

I get the impression they're more than a 'local superstition'.

FX: THEY APPROACH THE CARNIVAL. HORSES SNORT AND STAMP.

TEGAN:

Hey, you. What's going on?

DANCER:

The Sandmen are coming to town. If they touch you, you're dead. One touch is all it takes.

TEGAN:

But what are the Sandmen?

DANCER:

Everyone knows the stories, the songs. And if you don't, I don't have time to tell you. (FINISHES) Oh my sweet mother. They're here... they're here!!!

FX: DURING THE ABOVE, PANIC, SCREAMS OF TERROR. HORSES WHINNY.

TEGAN: (NARRATION)

I turned to see what he was staring at. Three figures, human but with spindly limbs, were walking down the street towards us, casting long shadows before them.

FX: SANDMEN HAVE DISTINCTIVE SOUND, A HISSING, FIZZLING, LIKE RADIO STATIC, PLUS RASPING BREATHING.

SANDMEN:

Dust to dust, sand to sand. (REPEAT)

TEGAN:

Those are the Sandmen?

NYSSA:

Tegan. We have to get out of here. Now.

DANCER:

You two wanna live, follow me. This way —

TEGAN: (NARRATION)

He ran towards an alleyway leading from the marketplace — and another Sandman emerged from it, reaching towards him! It was formed entirely out of dust, with hollow pits for its eyes and mouth.

SANDMAN:

(ANGRY HISS) Ashes to ashes! Dust to dust!

DANCER:

No. No. Keep away from me. Keep back! (SCREAMS)

FX: DANCER FALLS. PANIC AND TERROR CONTINUES IN B/G.

TEGAN: (NARRATION)

The Sandman touched the man, and as he fell, he aged in an instant, his hair turning white, his body becoming a skeleton, dissolving into powder as it hit the ground.

FX: DURING THIS, A TERRIFYING, RASPING SUCKING, WHISTLING OF AIR, THE CRINKLING OF DRIED PAPER, THEN A PUFF OF POWDER.

SANDMAN:

(SMUGLY, WELL-FED) Sand to sand!

NYSSA:

Entropy.

TEGAN:

What?

NYSSA:

It drew all the energy out of him, all the structure, all the life-force. That must be how they feed.

TEGAN:

Great, so how do we avoid being their next meal?

NYSSA:

That passageway there, it's the only way out. (RUNS) Come on!

TEGAN:

(RUNS) Oh rabbits.

FX: AS THEY RUN, MORE SCREAMS OF TERROR AND MORE RASPING AND WHOOSHING AS PEOPLE ARE DRAINED. CROSS TO:

SCENE 23. EXT. CITADEL GATES [MOMENTS LATER]

FX: CRUSH OF REFUGEES PANICKING, PLEADING, CRYING.

REFUGEES:

(AD-LIB) Please let us in!/ Take me!/ Help us! [ETC]

TEGAN: (NARRATION)

We ran, until we came to a surging tide of refugees, gathered at the citadel entrance. We squeezed through the crowd to the doorway.

SENTINEL:

Only those with a tribute may enter.

NYSSA:

But there are Sandmen in the town! They're killing people!

SENTINEL:

Any attempt to enter without a tribute will be terminal.

REFUGEE:

Take me, just let my family in!

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS, INSPECTING REFUGEE.

SENTINEL:

You are unsatisfactory. You may not enter.

FX: MORE REFUGEES JOIN IN PLEADING, SCREAMING.

SENTINEL:

Only those with a tribute may enter.

NYSSA:

But if you don't let them in, they'll all die!

FX: WIRE FENCE RATTLING.

TEGAN: (NARRATION)

People began to try to climb over the fence, into the grounds of the citadel.

SENTINEL:

Any attempt to enter without a tribute will be terminal.

FX: MACHINE GUN BURST. RATTLE OF WIRE FENCE. REFUGEES SCREAM, SOME IN AGONY, SOME IN TERROR.

SENTINEL:

You will vacate the area. (REPEATS THIS IN B/G FROM NOW ON)

FX: MORE GUNFIRE.

NYSSA:

It's no good. We have to get out of here.

TEGAN:

But those robots, they're shooting innocent people, it's a massacre –

NYSSA:

We have to leave. Now!

FX: THEY LEAVE AMIDST CHAOS. CROSS TO:

SCENE 24. EXT. STREET/CHERRYANNE'S HUT [MOMENTS LATER]

FX: TEGAN AND NYSSA RUN IN. DISTANT SOUNDS OF CHAOS, ALARMS.

TEGAN:

Those Sandmen things are everywhere. They have the town surrounded.

NYSSA:

There must be something we can do. They must have some weakness.

FX: CHERRYANNE RUNS TO THEM.

CHERRYANNE: (APPROACHING)

Nyssa! Tegan!

NYSSA:

Cherryanne, are you alright?

CHERRYANNE:

I'm fine. I heard the alarm, so I thought –

TEGAN:

What about your brother?

CHERRYANNE:

He's still in my hut.

NYSSA:

Then we should get back to him, if we can.

CHERRYANNE:

Did you manage to get anything from your ship?

TEGAN:

Our ship has been stolen.

CHERRYANNE:

Stolen? Then you couldn't get any medicine, or –

NYSSA:

No. We'll just have to do what we can without.

CHERRYANNE:

Well, I found these cloaks on an overturned cart. They're not very warm, but they're something.

TEGAN:

Never mind the cloaks. – Cherryanne, What actually are the Sandmen?

CHERRYANNE:

You don't know? They're figures from bedtime stories and folk songs. Parents tell their children, if they don't behave, the Sandmen will come and get you.

TEGAN:

But these Sandmen are real.

CHERRYANNE:

They always were real. We discovered that on Bellezar, in the final days. They are a manifestation of the death of this universe.

NYSSA:

An embodiment of entropy itself.

FX: THEY ARRIVE AT CHERRYANNE'S HUT, SHE HEAVES OPEN DOOR.

CHERRYANNE:

Doesn't look like they've been around here, fortunately. Raldarin? It's me. Hello?

FX: THEY CREEP INSIDE.

RALDARIN:

(HOARSE BREATHING)

TEGAN: (NARRATION)

Inside, it was so dark, we couldn't make out anything but the vague shape of a man with spindly limbs, shuffling towards us.

FX: SHUFFLING. RALDARIN'S BREATHING DEVELOPS SANDMAN EFFECT.

CHERRYANNE:

Raldarin? Is that you?

RALDARIN:

Something has... happened... to me. What has... happened... to me?

CHERRYANNE:

Oh no...

NYSSA:

We're too late. He's died. He's died, and he's become one of them.

TEGAN:

What?

NYSSA:

Don't you see? This is where they come from. This is how they're made. Raldarin's turned into a Sandman!

RALDARIN:

(EFFECT INCREASES) Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. Sand to sand...

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

SCENE 25. INT. ADRIC'S HOUSE.

BEGINS WITH REPRISE OF TEGAN TELLING STORY, BUT 'IN SCENE', NOT AS NARRATION.

TEGAN:

Inside, it was so dark, we couldn't make out anything but the vague shape of a man with spindly limbs, shuffling towards us. It was Cherryanne's brother, Raldarin – (WEAKENS)

ADRIC:

Tegan, are you alright?

TEGAN:

Sorry, I just need to sit down a moment.

FX: DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH EMERGE FROM TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

Sorry to take so long, I – (SEES TEGAN) Tegan?

TEGAN:

I feel so tired all of a sudden.

DOCTOR:

Residual effects of exposure to accelerated entropy.

TURLOUGH:

You should get some more rest.

TEGAN:

I'm fine.

DOCTOR:

Turlough's right. A little more d-sleep will do you the world of good. Come on, I'll help you back to the TARDIS.

TEGAN:

I can walk, thank you.

DOCTOR:

You can also fall over.

TEGAN: (AS THEY GO)

But I haven't finished –

DOCTOR:

Never mind that.

FX: THEY ENTER TARDIS.

TURLOUGH:

(TO ADRIC) I suppose the Doctor and Tegan have told you what happened.

ADRIC:

Not quite. All I know is that my mother is alive and in E-Space.

TURLOUGH:

The Doctor said that? He told you she was still alive?

ADRIC:

Yes. Why? Is there something I should know?

TURLOUGH:

No, if that's what he said. What else have they told you?

ADRIC:

Tegan had got as far as the Sandmen attacking the settlement.

TURLOUGH:

Oh, right. Well, I wasn't really there for that. — You remember how when we found Tegan she was wired into the induction chamber?

ADRIC:

(BECOMING FRUSTRATED) Of course I do! I'm not stupid!

TURLOUGH:

Well, the Doctor made Pallister agree to let Tegan live, if we helped him repair his machine..

FX: INTO NEXT SCENE.

SCENE 26. GENERATOR ROOM.

FX: CRYPT ACOUSTICS, OCCASIONAL HISS OF STEAM, GURGLE. LIKE BOWELS OF A SHIP.

DOCTOR: (EXAMINING, TINKERING)

Fascinating. So the power is extracted using magnetic induction... amplified here... and then outputted to here, where it stabilizes and dilates the portal.

PALLISTER:

Except it's not working.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Still, one has to admire the workmanship.

TURLOUGH:

Have you thought about turning it off and on again?

PALLISTER:

Have you thought about remaining silent?

DOCTOR:

There must be over a thousand capacitors, transistors and valves. It could take us weeks to locate the problem.

PALLISTER:

We don't have weeks. This universe doesn't have weeks.

DOCTOR:

Not while the CVE remains open, no...

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, you said there might be another way of generating power.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Even in a dying universe, you could harness the force of gravity. Or solar energy. Even the thermodynamic collapse itself.

PALLISTER:

All considered, attempted and rejected. The only way out of this universe is by using this machine.

TURLOUGH:

And human sacrifice.

PALLISTER:

If there was an alternative, I would take it. But there isn't. Besides, they'd only die otherwise.

DOCTOR:

That's not a justification. (SEES SOMETHING) Ah-ha!

PALLISTER:

What is it?

DOCTOR:

Those circuits have fused. That's the cause of your problem.

TURLOUGH:

Well, that was easy.

FX: PALLISTER REMOVES CIRCUITS.

PALLISTER:

There's no way they can have overloaded, there's an emergency surge cut-out.

DOCTOR:

Are you sure about that?

PALLISTER:

I built this machine, I know every inch of it, of course I'm sure! This can only be the result of deliberate sabotage.

DOCTOR:

You don't think if someone intended to sabotage this they'd have done a better job?

PALLISTER:

There is no alternative explanation. Fortunately I have spares. (FX: RUMMAGES THROUGH DRAWERS FULL OF SPANNERS) Here we are! (FX: INSERTS CIRCUITS) Now, it should simply be a question of restoring the connections. Shouldn't take more than a few hours.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 27. INT. POWER VAULT [SOME TIME LATER]

FX: FADE UP. BACKGROUND CRACKLE/RUMBLE OF SCENE 11 RESTORED.

TURLOUGH: (NARRATION)

Once the machine had been restored to working order, we returned to the power vault, only to find that Tegan had mysteriously vanished...

DOCTOR:

I don't understand. Where can she have gone-?

PALLISTER:

She can hardly have escaped on her own. This must be your doing. Sentinel one. Restrain Turlough.

TURLOUGH:

Oh come on, there's no need - [for that]

FX: CLANK OF SENTINEL UNDER PREVIOUS LINE.

SENTINEL:

As commanded. (UNDER PREVIOUS LINE)

TURLOUGH:

(GRABBED) Agh!

PALLISTER:

Admit it, Doctor. You sabotaged the induction chamber, to save your friend and create a diversion, while your accomplice came to set her free.

DOCTOR:

Paranoia and a vivid imagination. A lethal combination.

PALLISTER:

Sentinel One. Break the human's arms!

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS.

TURLOUGH:

(GASPS IN PAIN AS SENTINEL TWISTS HIS ARM THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:

Wait! We got your machine working again, didn't we?

PALLISTER:

Yes, and you knew where to find the sabotage very quickly.

DOCTOR:

But if we were saboteurs, we'd want your machine out of action for as long as possible. We wouldn't help you repair it!

PALLISTER:

I suppose you have a point. Sentinel One. Cancel order.

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS.

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

TURLOUGH:

(RELEASED) Thank you.

PALLISTER:

But we still have a problem. With no power source, I can't stabilise the portal, and if I can't do that Captain Branarack will –

BRANARACK: (ENTERING)

Yeah, what will I do, Pallister, you treacherous cur?

PIRATES: (ENTERING)

(JEERS)

PALLISTER:

Ah. We have experienced a small technical difficulty –

BRANARACK:

'A small technical difficulty'? You leave my ship poised to plummet into the abyss! Then you don't answer your radio.

PALLISTER:

Ah, yes, you see, I've been –

BRANARACK:

So I've come here in person to give you a little... motivational talk.

FX: SWORDS DRAWN.

PALLISTER:

You realise that if you kill me, there's no-one else who can operate my machine.

DOCTOR:

I don't know, I daresay I could get the hang of it.

BRANARACK:

And who might you be?

DOCTOR:

The Doctor. I don't believe we've been introduced.

BRANARACK:

Know me as Captain Branarack. These lads are my crew, of the Buccaneer. Best-drilled crew in E-Space, aren't you lads?

PIRATES:

(UNENTHUSIASTIC DERISORY CHEER)

DOCTOR:

The very definition of a motley crew.

BRANARACK:

Are you disrespecting us?

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't dare.

BRANARACK:

Good. Because those who dare, end up skewered.

DOCTOR:

I'll bear that in mind.

BRANARACK:

Make sure you do. Who's the fella being held by the tin robot?

DOCTOR:

That's my friend, Turlough. Say hello, Turlough.

TURLOUGH:

Delighted to make your acquaintance.

PALLISTER:

You see, the tribute you provided became... non-viable, so this man is to act as her replacement.

TURLOUGH:

But I helped – (RESTRAINED, FX: ROBOT CLANKS) Ow!

PALLISTER:

Sentinel one, place him in the induction chamber.

SENTINEL ONE:

As commanded.

TURLOUGH:

(DRAGGED BY HIS SHOULDERS)

FX: TURLOUGH PLACED IN CHAMBER, CLAMPS ON WRISTS.

DOCTOR:

You really are without any moral scruples, aren't you?

PALLISTER:

In my experience, Doctor, pragmatists live longer.

BRANARACK:

Putting the mindless prattling to one side for a moment, are you saying you can re-open the portal?

PALLISTER:

Now there's a new power source in place, it's simply a matter of activating the chamber. So if you and your crew would like to return to your ship –

BRANARACK:

No. Not until I'm sure this contraption works.

PALLISTER:

Very well, if you insist. A brief demonstration.

DOCTOR:

Pallister, don't do this.

PALLISTER:

Don't worry, your friend will survive. Wouldn't want to waste a valuable resource, would we?

FX: DURING THE FOLLOWING, MACHINE POWERS UP AS IN SCENE 11.

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, help me!

PALLISTER:

Doctor, if you so much as move, I will order my Sentinel to shoot you.

DOCTOR:

I helped you repair your machine. I can show you how to improve it. Just let Turlough go.

PALLISTER:

You'll forgive me if I decline your offer, but Captain Branarack requires a demonstration. Activating induction chamber.

FX: LEVER PULLED. HIDEOUS, TERRIFYING CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY. CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 28. INT. POWER VAULT. [CONTINUOUS]

TURLOUGH:

(IN PAIN UNDER THE FOLLOWING)

PALLISTER:

Stabilising portal, dilating aperture. And Captain Branarack. I don't like having a musket pointed at my head.

FX: SUPERNATURAL WIND.

PIRATES:

(IN PAIN, GROANING, FEARFUL)

DOCTOR/BRANARACK:

(IN PAIN, LIKE STOMACH CRAMPS)

BRANARACK:

(IN PAIN) What's happening, you scurvy dog?!

DOCTOR:

Entropic acceleration. He's opened the portal without stabilising the interface!

TURLOUGH: (NARRATION)

As I suffered in the induction chamber, Captain Branarack and his pirates grew visibly older, their skin becoming weathered, their hair turning grey.

PALLISTER:

Sentinels. Enter power vault and restrain all intruders. Now!

FX: SENTINELS ENTERING FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.

SENTINELS:

As commanded.

PIRATES:

(GRABBED)

BRANARACK:

Don't just stand there! Fight back, you yellow-bellied poltroons! – Pallister, switch it off. Or I'll scalp you!

PALLISTER:

With what? Your gun's rusted solid and your cutlass is so brittle it would snap if you used it to cut cheese!

BRANARACK:

(FRUSTRATED HOWL) I can still throttle you with my bare hands!
(FX: GRABBED) Ah! Get off me, you metal blackguard! Get off!

FX: CLANKING OF SENTINEL GRABBING HIM DURING THE ABOVE.

PALLISTER:

Sentinels. Destroy their weapons. Then secure them. If they resist, break bits off.

SENTINELS:

As commanded.

FX: PIRATES' WEAPONS BENT/SNAPPED/CRUSHED.

PIRATES:

(REACTING) What the-?/ By the stars!/ Me cutlass! [ETC]

PALLISTER:

Excellent. Then we're done. For now.

FX: LEVER PULLED. SUPERNATURAL WIND SUBSIDES.

PIRATES:

(NOT IN PAIN, WHIMPERING AS THEY RECOVER)

TURLOUGH/DOCTOR

(BREATHLESS, RECOVERING FROM ORDEAL)

TURLOUGH:

At last.

PALLISTER:

Captain Branarack. Did I prove the effectiveness of my machine to your satisfaction?

BRANARACK:

I'll eviscerate you for this, you perfidious mongrel!

PALLISTER:

I'll take that as a 'yes'. Did you really think I'd be so naive as to leave myself vulnerable to attack? I'd hardly have survived this long otherwise.

BRANARACK:

You have teeth and guile, I grant you. But we had a deal.

PALLISTER:

Which was negated the moment you came in here and threatened my life. I don't appreciate intimidation.

BRANARACK:

You sanctimonious toad, nobody crosses Captain Branarack and lives!

PALLISTER:

Yes, yes. – Sentinels: take the intruders away to the dungeon and lock them in holding cages.

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

FX: SENTINELS CLANK AWAY WITH PIRATES.

PIRATES:

(PROTESTING) Don't shove!/ Tin scoundrels! [ETC]

SENTINEL:

Shall I remove the Doctor and his companion?

PALLISTER:

No. We have matters to discuss. – Release his friend, he's served his purpose.

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

FX: TURLOUGH RELEASED FROM MANACLES.

TURLOUGH:

Thank you. For a worrying moment there I thought you were going to have me executed.

PALLISTER:

I still might, if you or the Doctor cross me.

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, we're as honest as the day is long.

PALLISTER:

I'm sure you are. Now, you said you could improve my machine.

DOCTOR:

I'd need to take another look, but yes, I think it could be made to run more – (CUTS SHORT) Turlough? Are you feeling alright?

TURLOUGH:

I'm sorry, I suddenly feel terribly – terribly... [faint]
(SWOONS; COLLAPSES TO FLOOR)

DOCTOR:

Turlough! (FX: HEAVY ECHO) Turlough, wake up!

FX: FADE OUT AS TURLOUGH LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS.

SCENE 29. INT. GUEST ROOM [SOME TIME LATER]

FX: FADE UP. CASTLE AMBIENCE; WIND AUDIBLE THROUGH OPEN WINDOWS.

TURLOUGH: (NARRATION)

I woke up with a splitting headache in a bare room with a jug of water and a stale loaf on the bedside. Outside the sun was setting in the starless sky. As I was eating, the Doctor entered –

FX: DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Turlough. Feeling a little better, I hope?

TURLOUGH:

(EATING) Not particularly. What happened?

DOCTOR:

You passed out. After-effect of the induction chamber.

TURLOUGH:

(DRINKING) So what've you been up to, while I was out cold?

DOCTOR:

Trying to gain Pallister's confidence.

TURLOUGH:

Did you manage to improve his machine?

DOCTOR:

No, unfortunately, the laws of thermodynamics are irritatingly intractable. But I've come up with an alternative approach.

TURLOUGH:

Which is?

DOCTOR:

Reverse the purpose of his machine. Rather than prising the portal wider, it could be used to close it.

TURLOUGH:

Close it?!

DOCTOR:

Permanently. Cutting off E-Space and N-Space forever. This is the final interface. When this one goes, there's no way back.

TURLOUGH:

Leaving everyone trapped in a universe with a few weeks left to live!

DOCTOR:

No. The CVE is causing the energy drain. Once the portal is closed, E-Space should be good for a few more centuries, at least.

TURLOUGH:

That doesn't sound like much of a solution.

DOCTOR:

It's not ideal but it's the best I can do. If we keep opening the portal the entropy will keep increasing. The more people try to leave this universe, the less time it has left.

TURLOUGH:

The more you try to solve the problem, the worse it gets.

DOCTOR:

Exactly. We can't evacuate everyone, but at least my way those left behind will be able to live out the rest of their natural lives.

TURLOUGH:

But... you will still need a power source. Someone has to be in the induction chamber. Someone has to die.

DOCTOR:

Like I said, it's not ideal.

TURLOUGH:

So if you do this, we end up stuck in this universe? For the rest of our natural lives?

DOCTOR:

Not quite. Before the CVE can be closed, it must be stabilised, so one last ship will be able to pass through it.

TURLOUGH:

And we could be on that ship?

DOCTOR:

You, Nyssa and Tegan could. Someone has to remain behind, to act as a power source and close the portal.

TURLOUGH:

You?

DOCTOR:

I can't think of anyone more qualified. I was the one who got you into this mess. It's my responsibility to get you out.

TURLOUGH:

But you could use anyone – Branarack, one of his pirates –

DOCTOR:

I'm not prepared to sacrifice the life of another.

TURLOUGH:

But you are prepared to sacrifice your own life.

DOCTOR:

I won't die. All I'll lose is my freedom. The least I deserve.

TURLOUGH:

And Pallister's happy to go along with this?

DOCTOR:

No. I've given him the impression that I've improved his machine. In return, he's agreed to allow us to leave in Branarack's ship. I had to convince him that I was willing to use another human as a power source, so I accompanied him to the town to select some suitable candidates.

TURLOUGH:

And did you?

DOCTOR:

They're in the dungeon. Don't worry, I'll make sure they're set free, once you've gone.

TURLOUGH:

What about Nyssa and Tegan? Do they know what you're planning?

DOCTOR:

Not yet. I spoke to them when I was in the town, told them to wait in the TARDIS. Hopefully they'll have done as I said.

TURLOUGH:

Hopefully.

DOCTOR:

Indeed. You see, I persuaded Pallister to get his robots to fetch the TARDIS, and place it onboard the Buccaneer.

FX: DOOR OPENS, SENTINEL ENTERS.

SENTINEL:

Doctor. You are required by Science-Tech Pallister.

DOCTOR:

Good news, I hope?

SENTINEL:

Your container has been located and transferred to the spacecraft. Follow, I will take you to it.

SCENE 31. INT. BUCCANEER [SOME MINUTES LATER]

FX: FADE UP. MILITARY SUBMARINE ACOUSTICS, GRILLE FLOORS. CREAKY.

TURLOUGH: (NARRATION)

The sentinel led us to the Buccaneer, still resting on the ramp in front of the Portal.

FX: AIRLOCK DOOR OPENS, DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH ENTER.

TURLOUGH: (NARRATION)

We passed through the airlock into a murky, cramped control room littered with looted trinkets. It smelt heavily of stale sweat and corroded batteries.

FX: DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM.

PALLISTER:

Ah, Doctor. Mind your head. I'm pleased to see your friend has recovered. Tell me, what precisely does this blue box of yours contain?

DOCTOR:

Just some items of personal value.

PALLISTER:

Not very many, by the look of it.

TURLOUGH:

A few souvenirs of our travels in E-Space, that's all.

PALLISTER:

Fascinating. Now, if you will excuse me, I still need to find a subject for the induction chamber. One of Branarack's crew, perhaps.

DOCTOR:

I'll meet you later in the power vault. Just got a few things to check first.

FX: PALLISTER LEAVES DURING THIS: AIRLOCK OPENS, CLOSES.

TURLOUGH:

He's gone.

DOCTOR:

Good. (TO TARDIS) Nyssa, Tegan, if you're in there, it's safe to come out. There's no-one here apart from Turlough and me. Hello?

TURLOUGH:

I don't think they're in there.

DOCTOR:

No. They must still be in the settlement with that girl,
Cherryanne.

TURLOUGH:

So what now?

(LINKING MUSIC)

SCENE 32. INT. PALLISTER'S LABORATORY [FEW MINUTES LATER].

FX: FADE UP. PALLISTER WORKING ON EQUIPMENT DURING FOLLOWING:

PALLISTER:

I would not advise leaving the citadel, Doctor. You've seen for yourself the conditions out there. If it wasn't for the Sentinels, we would've been mobbed.

DOCTOR:

Then let us borrow two Sentinels, for our protection.

PALLISTER:

There's no need. The Sentinels can locate and recover your friends for you.

DOCTOR:

You're in radio contact with all the Sentinels in the settlement?

PALLISTER:

Of course. I can give the order right now. I'm quite keen to enjoy Tegan's company again.

TURLOUGH:

I doubt the feeling is mutual.

PALLISTER:

What was the other girl's name again?

DOCTOR:

Nyssa. She's called Nyssa.

FX: SWITCHES OPERATED. PRIMITIVE RADIO ON.

PALLISTER:

Science-Tech Pallister calling all Sentinels on patrol in the settlement. You are to locate two females, known as Tegan and Nyssa.

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)

As commanded.

PALLISTER:

Anyone attempting to obstruct your search or withhold them is to be dealt with in the usual fashion.

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)

As commanded.

FX: RADIO OFF. ALARM BELL SOUNDS, AS IN SCENE 8.

TURLOUGH:

Now what?

PALLISTER:

(FX: CHECKING EQUIPMENT) A disturbance in the dungeon.
Sentinels, report. Report! Report!

TURLOUGH:

They're not answering.

DOCTOR:

Maybe we should go down there and look?

SCENE 33. INT. PRISON.

FX: ALARM SOUNDS HERE. PRISONERS RIOTING, RATTLING BARS OF CAGES. SENTINELS CLANKING.

PRISONERS:

(CRYING OUT, FEARFUL) Let us out!/ The plague is here! The plague! / Get away from me! Get back! [ETC]

TURLOUGH: (NARRATION)

We made our way down to the dungeon, to find the prisoners in a state of terror, heaving at the bars of their cages like wild animals.

PALLISTER:

What's got into them?

DOCTOR:

They're scared. Something's frightened them out of their wits.

BRANARACK:

Pallister! You've got to let us out of here! In the name of the fire demons of Valuma!

PALLISTER:

And why on Apollyon would I want to do that?

BRANARACK:

One of my crew. He's come down with the Entropy plague.

DOCTOR:

Oh no.

TURLOUGH: (NARRATION)

I picked up a flaming torch and peered into the cage. One of the pirates sat in the far corner. Even as I watched, his hair snaked out of his scalp and his skin tightened over his skull.

PALLISTER:

Get back! Don't let them touch you.

BRANARACK:

What're you saying, man? You've got to let us out of here! Or we'll all catch it. And you know what that means!

PALLISTER:

What?

BRANARACK:

You know what happens to those struck down with entropy plague. What they become. And then these cages won't be enough to hold us.

DOCTOR:

What's he talking about?

BRANARACK:

Doctor. Do you want to stand by and let us die? Do you?

DOCTOR:

No. Tell me what I can do.

BRANARACK:

Let us out. Gavlar's beyond hope now, but the rest of us are plague free.

PALLISTER:

No. You're carriers. All of you.

BRANARACK:

Not yet. But if you don't release us, soon we will be and then not even your Sentinels will be able to save you. Look at them!

PALLISTER:

What are you talking about? Sentinel five. Report status.

SENTINEL:

Communications malfunction. Corrosion of internal mechanisms. Condition terminal. (REPEAT)

FX: SENTINEL HISSES WITH STEAM AND GRINDS TO A HALT.

TURLOUGH:

So that's why they weren't responding. They're rusting away.

FX: CLANGING OF SIDE OF METAL CAGE COMING LOSE.

DOCTOR:

And so are the bars of the cages.

PALLISTER:

(TERRIFIED) They're infected. They're all infected.

DOCTOR:

You can't be sure of that. You should establish a quarantine –

PALLISTER:

It's too late for that. (TO SENTINELS) All Sentinels. On my word, you are to open all the holding cages and drive out all the prisoners into the settlement, do you understand?

DOCTOR:

But if you do that, you'll spread the infection!

PALLISTER:

We don't have any choice. It's them or us.

BRANARACK:

Just let us out of here, you flea-ridden cur! Gavlar's changing. He's changing!

FX: RASPING OF SANDMAN FROM WITHIN CAGE.

SANDMAN:

Dust to dust!

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, if he says there's nothing we can do for them, and they're infectious –

DOCTOR:

I can't let you do this, Pallister –

PALLISTER:

All Sentinels, open the cages now! Get them out of here!

FX: CAGES SLAMMED OPEN ONE BY ONE, PRISONERS EMERGING. RASPING OF SANDMEN. UTTER CHAOS. CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 34. INT. PRISON. [CONTINUOUS]

TURLOUGH: (NARRATION)

The Sentinels unlocked the cages and the prisoners staggered free, stumbling towards us.

SENTINEL:

All tributes are to vacate the citadel. Any attempt to remain will be terminal. (REPEATS IN B/G)

FX: SENTINEL FIRES WARNING SHOT.

TURLOUGH: (NARRATION)

As the Sentinels forced the prisoners out of the citadel, we retreated up the stairs.

FX: HEAVY METAL DOOR SLAMS, BOLTED SHUT. MUFFLES CHAOS.

PALLISTER:

There. Now that should keep them out.

DOCTOR:

What about everyone in the settlement? What happens to them?

PALLISTER:

They are not my concern. And either you help me open the portal so we can escape this becursed universe, or you are very welcome to join them!

SCENE 35. INT. PALLISTER'S LABORATORY [LATER]

FX: FADE UP. PALLISTER WORKING ON EQUIPMENT. ALARM CONTINUES IN B/G.

TURLOUGH: (NARRATION)

Pallister ordered his remaining Sentinels to secure the other entrances to the citadel while we returned to his laboratory.

DOCTOR:

Pallister, what exactly is the Entropy Plague?

PALLISTER:

The second law of dynamics as infection. Incurable and unstoppable, resulting in complete cellular decay and disintegration.

TURLOUGH:

You mean they turn to dust?

PALLISTER:

Yes. Unfortunately it doesn't always prove fatal.

DOCTOR:

Like Branarack said. The plague transforms the carrier into something else.

PALLISTER:

A Sandman. A figure from folklore, but with origins in fact. They feed on energy, on structure, on heat and light. And if you're so much as touched by a Sandman, you become a Sandman.

TURLOUGH:

And you released them into the settlement.

PALLISTER:

Which should give us time to get away.

DOCTOR:

But if you open the portal you'll accelerate the progress of the infection. You'll make the Sandmen even more powerful.

PALLISTER:

As I seem to keep telling you, there is no alternative.

DOCTOR:

No. There is. We close the portal. Seal it off. End the energy drain. If that's what's generating the Sandmen, then if we close it, they should be scattered to the four winds.

PALLISTER:

And we will all be trapped!

DOCTOR:

Not necessarily. To close the CVE, we need to stabilise it, so one last ship will be able to pass through.

TURLOUGH:

The Buccaneer.

DOCTOR:

But that will be it. The next time the Portal is opened must be the last. We go, the portal closes behind us, forever.

PALLISTER:

So long as we get away it hardly matters.

DOCTOR:

Of course it matters. There are thousands of people left in this universe. If we can't evacuate them, we can at least give them a chance of survival.

FX: RADIO.

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)

Science-Tech Pallister.

PALLISTER:

What is it?

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)

Humans are congregating at the main entrance. They claim there are Sandmen in the settlement.

PALLISTER:

Unless they offer tributes, and are free of infection, no-one is to enter the citadel, do you understand? No-one!

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)

They are climbing the perimeter fence, attempting to enter the grounds.

PALLISTER:

Order them to vacate the area. If they refuse, persuade them.

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)

As commanded.

FX: RADIO OFF.

TURLOUGH:

But you did this, you are responsible. If you leave those people out there, at the mercy of the Sandmen –

PALLISTER:

The Sandmen have no mercy.

TURLOUGH:

Exactly.

DOCTOR:

Turlough's right. You have to let them in!

PALLISTER:

It's too late for that. They must take their own chances.

TURLOUGH:

Doctor. Tegan and Nyssa are out there.

DOCTOR:

I hadn't forgotten.

PALLISTER:

If they are still alive, my Sentinels will find them. But in the meantime, we have preparations to make.

DOCTOR:

You agree? You'll use your machine to close the CVE?

PALLISTER:

I agree. One of my Sentinels can operate it, once we are safely on board the Buccaneer.

DOCTOR:

There'll be no need for that.

PALLISTER:

No?

DOCTOR:

I'm offering myself as tribute. If it means I get my friends home, it's a sacrifice I'm willing to make.

SCENE 36. INT. GENERATOR ROOM [LATER]

TURLOUGH: (NARRATION)

The Doctor and Pallister went to the vault to work on the generator while I remained in the laboratory, staying in contact with the Sentinels.

FX: RADIO ON.

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)

The females known as Tegan and Nyssa have been located.

TURLOUGH:

What? Are they alive?

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)

They are both animate. They were with another female, known as Cherryanne.

TURLOUGH:

Bring them all into the citadel through the west-gate.

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)

As commanded.

FX: RADIO OFF, TURLOUGH MAKES ADJUSTMENT.

TURLOUGH:

Doctor? Hello?

DOCTOR: (VIA INTERCOM)

Turlough, what is it?

TURLOUGH:

Tegan and Nyssa, they're alive, and being brought here now.

DOCTOR: (VIA INTERCOM)

Marvellous. Pallister and I just have a few finishing touches to make, and I'll meet you all in the power vault.

FX: RADIO OFF.

SCENE 37. INT. POWER VAULT [LATER].

FX: SENTINELS BRING IN NYSSA, TEGAN AND CHERRYANNE.

TURLOUGH: (NARRATION)

I waited for the Doctor in the power vault. A few minutes later he arrived, and then a Sentinel led in three figures dressed in hooded cloaks.

NYSSA:
Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Nyssa, Tegan, and, er...

CHERRYANNE:
Cherryanne.

DOCTOR:
Yes, I remember. – You're all unharmed, I trust?

TEGAN:
Just about. We were in Cherryanne's hut when her brother became one of those Sandman things. Then this robot turned up, grabbed us, and frogmarched us here.

NYSSA:
You should see it out there, Doctor. It's like a war zone.

TEGAN:
Sandmen and robots killing people, people begging to get into this place.

CHERRYANNE:
It's like the world is coming to an end.

DOCTOR:
Not just a world, the entire universe. It can't have more than a few hours left.

TEGAN:
We can't just pretend it's not happening. Doctor, we have to do something!

DOCTOR:
Yes. That's why I've arranged with Pallister for you three to be on board the last ship to pass through the CVE.

TEGAN:
I didn't mean make a deal with that sadist! I meant –

DOCTOR:

Necessity makes strange bedfellows. The TARDIS is already in the ship. Once you're back in N-Space, it will re-activate, and you'll be able to contact the Time Lords. They'll be able to get you all home.

TEGAN:

You're talking like you won't be with us.

DOCTOR:

I won't. Someone needs to act as a power source.

NYSSA:

And that person gets left behind..

DOCTOR:

Yes. – So you see, that person should be me.

TEGAN:

Doctor, you're not listening.

NYSSA:

We can't abandon anyone! Not you, and not the people of E-Space!

DOCTOR:

Please, listen to me. Once the CVE is closed, the energy drain will cease and the Sandmen will turn to dust. This world will still have centuries left.

TEGAN:

Oh. Right. – Still, you'd never be able to return to our universe.

DOCTOR:

Rather me than any of you. And Cherryanne – you can go on the ship too, if you like.

CHERRYANNE:

Thank you. I would like that very much.

NYSSA:

No.

TURLOUGH:

Why are we still arguing?!

NYSSA:

There are people suffering out there, Doctor. Not just from the plague. From malnutrition, from exhaustion. We can't just leave them.

DOCTOR:

If you're ever going to return to N-Space, we don't have any choice.

NYSSA:

No, Doctor. There is another way. I can be the power source. I should be the one who stays.

DOCTOR:

No, Nyssa. You have a son and daughter.

NYSSA:

Out of all of us, who can do the most good here? Me, Doctor. It's me. I'll be able to save lives, to tend to the sick. It's what I've always done. It's what I was brought up to do.

DOCTOR:

I'm not going to argue with you, Nyssa.

NYSSA:

I can't let you sacrifice yourself, Doctor. You have so much more life left to live. But me? I've lived a long time. Look at me.

FX: NYSSA REMOVES COWL.

TURLOUGH: (NARRATION)

As Nyssa spoke, she drew back the hood of her cloak, to reveal her skin was lined and her hair was streaked with grey. She looked even older than she did when we met her on Helheim.

DOCTOR:

Oh no...

NYSSA:

Yes. My rejuvenation has been reversed. I'm starting to look and feel my real age.

DOCTOR:

The effect of exposure to accelerated entropy.

NYSSA:

Exactly, Doctor. The same thing that destroyed my home planet, and now it's killing me.

TEGAN:

But you can be cured. Once we're back in N-Space, you'll be back to normal? Won't she, Doctor? (BEAT) Won't she?

DOCTOR:

There is no cure. It's an immutable law. Entropy increases.

NYSSA:

Which is why I must stay, and you must go. Go and find my son and daughter. Tell them that I chose to remain here. Tell them that I love them, that I will always love them –

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, no.

NYSSA:

You have to let me do this, Doctor. You have to let me be the one who stays behind.

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

(OPENING THEME)

SCENE 38. INT. POWER VAULT.

NYSSA: (NARRATION)

So, Adric, that's when I told the Doctor, Tegan and Turlough that I should be the one to stay behind. I couldn't abandon the people there, not when there was a chance I could do some good. But the Doctor did not agree...

FX: B/G EFFECTS FOR VAULT RESUME.

DOCTOR:

I'm not going to let you do this, Nyssa. You promised your son you'd meet him on Maxis Realtor. If it wasn't for me, you'd be with him right now.

NYSSA:

I don't blame you, Doctor. It wasn't your fault.

TEGAN:

You can't stay here. Do these people really mean more to you than your own children?

NYSSA:

My children have lives of their own. They don't need me.

TEGAN:

I don't think they'd agree with that.

TURLOUGH:

Why does any of us have to stay behind? Pallister said one of his Sentinels can operate the machine –

DOCTOR:

So what are you suggesting? We use someone else as a power source?

TURLOUGH:

Yes! Why not?

DOCTOR:

Because, Turlough, it would be murder.

TURLOUGH:

One life for many. Think of all the people you've saved, all the people you will save if you get back to N-Space. And the same goes for Nyssa.

TEGAN:

I don't see you volunteering, Turlough.

TURLOUGH:

I don't see you volunteering either.

DOCTOR:

Then who should it be? Cherryanne?

TURLOUGH:

What about Captain Branarack, or one of his crew? They're murderers, we'd be doing both universes a favour.

DOCTOR:

All the time you've been with me, Turlough, have you learned nothing?

TURLOUGH:

I've learned that your life, Nyssa's life, all our lives, are worth more than those of some bloodthirsty pirates!

BRANARACK: (ENTERING)

Is that so, boy? You'll have to forgive me and my lads if we disagree.

PIRATES: (ENTERING)

(SWASHBUCKLING ROAR)

CHERRYANNE:

Oh no —

BRANARACK:

Grab them. And don't let the Doctor touch the controls. Remember last time.

FX: PIRATES GRAB ALL.

TURLOUGH/TEGAN/NYSSA/CHERRYANNE/DOCTOR

(GRABBED)

TEGAN:

Get off of us!

DOCTOR:

How did you even get in here, Branarack?

BRANARACK:

Followed the two wenches, didn't we? My lads made short work of the robot on guard. It was riven with decay, like everything in this festering rat-hole of a universe.

TEGAN:

What about the Sandmen? I thought you were infected –

BRANARACK:

Two of my lads were. Last we saw of them, they were too busy feeding to bother with us.

NYSSA:

But you've all been contaminated. It's only a matter of time.

BRANARACK:

Do you think I don't know that? But once we're back in our own universe, we'll be cured, won't we?

DOCTOR:

You can't be sure of that. You might carry the Plague with you into N-Space.

BRANARACK:

You're bluffing. And even if you're not, it's a gamble I'm willing to take. We're getting out while we still can, aren't we lads?

PIRATES:

(DERISORY CHEER)

TURLOUGH:

You'll need someone to operate the machine.

BRANARACK:

We have all the help we need. – Alright, bring him in, lads.

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 39. INT. POWER VAULT. [CONTINUOUS]

FX: PIRATES DRAG IN PALLISTER.

PALLISTER:

(DRAGGED IN) There is absolutely no-need for this. I told you I would co-operate.

BRANARACK:

Yeah, we've already had a taste of your co-operation, Pallister.

PIRATES:

(CONCUR) Aye!

BRANARACK:

Unfortunately for you, we didn't die how we was supposed to.

PALLISTER:

If I'd wanted you dead, I'd have ordered my Sentinels to kill you.

BRANARACK:

Bet you wish you had, now. How many working Sentinels have you got left?

PALLISTER:

A dozen or so -

BRANARACK:

Good. Summon them here. And don't try anything, or it'll be the last thing you do.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

PALLISTER:

All Sentinels to power vault. At once.

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)

As commanded.

BRANARACK:

Captain Branarack and his crew are not to be harmed. Speak it!

PALLISTER:

Captain Branarack and his crew are not to be harmed.

BRANARACK:

This order cannot be countermanded.

PALLISTER:

This order can - cannot be countermanded.

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)
As commanded.

FX: RADIO OFF.

PALLISTER:
They're on their way.

BRANARACK:
You can order them to open the portal by remote control?

PALLISTER:
I can, yes. They are programmed to obey my every command.

BRANARACK:
Of course they are, that's the only thing that's keeping you alive. Once we're safely on board the Buccaneer, you'll give them the order to stabilise the CVE and send us through.

PALLISTER:
I'll need to make some preparations –

BRANARACK:
Alright. But just remember. You'll be in the ship with us. So you'd better make sure we have a pleasant journey.

PALLISTER:
Once we're on the other side, you'll let me go?

BRANARACK:
If I'm feeling in a good mood. So try not to disappoint me.

PALLISTER:
I won't, I promise. – But we'll need a power source, for the induction chamber..

BRANARACK:
Yeah, well, we're spoilt for choice, aren't we lads?

PIRATES:
(CRUEL LAUGHTER)

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 40. INT. POWER VAULT [CONTINUOUS].

BRANARACK:

Five unwilling volunteers. Let us see. Ah, now this damsel looks familiar.

TEGAN:

You haven't lost any of your charm.

BRANARACK:

But she's already been subjected to the chamber. As has the boy.

TURLOUGH:

It's been a while since anyone called me a boy.

BRANARACK:

You are to me. (TO NYSSA) Now, who might you be? Speak, wench.

NYSSA:

My name is Nyssa.

BRANARACK:

Hmmm. Bit on the old side. We could do with someone fresher.

TEGAN:

Seriously, with chat-up lines like that, it's no wonder you have to resort to a bunch of unwashed thugs for company.

BRANARACK:

Silence. Or you'll start making me wonder why I haven't had you killed.

NYSSA:

I volunteer. You can use me as a power source.

BRANARACK:

What?

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, no!

NYSSA:

Just let my friends go with you. They have a container on board your ship. Lock them in it, and once you're through the portal, eject them into space.

BRANARACK:

You had your belongings stowed in my ship? You were planning on using it to leave? Well, we'll see about that.

NYSSA:

But I'm offering –

BRANARACK:

No, you're no good, there's barely enough life in you to keep it open for more than a few seconds. But what about this one..

DOCTOR:

I was wondering when you'd get around to me.

BRANARACK:

You're young enough, healthy enough. And the thought of you suffering is tempting.

DOCTOR:

Then what are you waiting for? Put me in the induction chamber.

BRANARACK:

No. You're up to something. Some treachery. And I think you'd suffer more if you lived... and we used this girl!

PIRATES:

(LASCIVIOUS APPROVAL)

CHERRYANNE:

Me? No. No, please –

BRANARACK:

There's still blood in her cheeks, her skin is smooth as pearl. She's barely been touched by the blight. Yes. She should prove an efficacious power source.

DOCTOR:

Believe me, if you want power, you should use me.

BRANARACK:

Then maybe we will, Doctor. You can be our spare. If the induction chamber burns her out!

FX: SENTINELS ENTER.

BRANARACK:

Pallister, is your contraption prepared?

FX: PALLISTER PREPARES LEVERS, SWITCHES. CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 41. INT. POWER VAULT. [CONTINUOUS]

PALLISTER:

(OPERATING CONTROLS) It is. All that remains is for the subject to be placed in the chamber. So, if you'd care to –

BRANARACK:

Alright. But first, let's just make sure you behave yourself, shall we? Hold him, matey.

PIRATE:

Yurr!

FX: PIRATE GRABS PALLISTER.

PALLISTER:

(GRABBED) There's no need for this, I –

BRANARACK:

Well that's where you and I have a difference of opinion. Order your Sentinels to place the girl in the chamber.

PALLISTER:

Very well. Sentinel one. Place the girl in the induction chamber.

NYSSA:

Cherryanne!

TURLOUGH:

Don't antagonise them, Nyssa.

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS.

CHERRYANNE:

(GRABBED AND HAULED ACROSS ROOM) No, please... please!

PALLISTER:

Secure her.

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

FX: MANACLES CLICKED INTO PLACE.

CHERRYANNE:

Please... Please stop. I... don't want to die.

BRANARACK:

Yeah well, we can't always get what we want. Right, Pallister. Order your Sentinels to stand guard.

PALLISTER:

Sentinels. You are to remain here.

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

BRANARACK:

Tell them. No-one is to touch the girl or your contraption.

PALLISTER:

No-one is to interfere with the power source, the controls or leave this room. Is your projectile weaponry still functional?

SENTINEL:

It is.

PALLISTER:

Then if they try anything, shoot them. All of them.

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

BRANARACK:

Alright, lads. Put the Doctor and his friends over there.

PIRATES:

(AFFIRMING) Aye, captain.

TURLOUGH:

(MOVED ACROSS ROOM WITH DOCTOR, TEGAN & NYSSA) Alright, alright, we're going!

TEGAN:

Why not just kill us?

BRANARACK:

This way, you have a front-row seat for my departure – and to see your friend die.

DOCTOR:

Unadulterated sadism.

BRANARACK:

I find it's good for morale. Lads. Time we were gone. And don't forget to bring our Science-Tech. Wouldn't want to accidentally leave him behind, would we?

FX: PIRATES LEAVE WITH PALLISTER. CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 42. INT. POWER VAULT. [CONTINUOUS]

CHERRYANNE:

Nyssa, Doctor... help me. Please.

NYSSA:

Try to stay calm, Cherryanne. The Doctor will think of something. I hope.

TURLOUGH:

Can't we just rush the Sentinel?

TEGAN:

It does look like it's falling to bits.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Worth a try.

FX: SENTINEL CLANKS.

SENTINEL:

Any attempt to interfere with the controls or induction chamber will be terminal. This is your first and final warning.

FX: IT FIRES GUN.

TURLOUGH:

Right. So we've proved it's still in working order.

SCENE 43. INT. POWER VAULT [FEW MINUTES LATER]

NYSSA: (NARRATION)

The minutes slowly passed, with us powerless to do anything, and Cherryanne strapped in the induction chamber. Outside in the courtyard, the pirates boarded their ship with Pallister.

FX: RADIO ON.

BRANARACK: (DISTORT)

Doctor? Still there, I hope?

DOCTOR:

Yes. If this is a social call, Captain Branarack, can you keep it short? It's not a very convenient time.

BRANARACK: (DISTORT)

(LAUGHS) Thought you might like to know. I've had your container thrown outside.

DOCTOR:

That's very kind of you.

BRANARACK: (DISTORT)

Just in case you have any friends inside it thinking of leaping out and taking command when we least expect.

DOCTOR:

You really shouldn't judge people by your own standards.

BRANARACK: (DISTORT)

Goodbye, Doctor. Alright, Pallister. Get us out of here.

PALLISTER: (DISTORT)

Very good. Sentinel. Elevate platform.

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

FX: LEVERS PULLED. RAMP RAISES AS IN SCENE 11.

DOCTOR:

Listen. Let me take Cherryanne's place in the induction chamber.

PALLISTER: (DISTORT)

Too late for that, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

You don't understand. I'm not human. I'm a Time Lord. You'll draw vastly more energy out of me than you will a young woman.

BRANARACK: (DISTORT)

Useful to bear in mind, if the girl dies.

SENTINEL:

Platform elevated.

PALLISTER: (DISTORT)

Buccaneer ready for egress. Commence induction.

SENTINEL

As commanded.

FX: LEVERS PULLED. HIDEOUS, TERRIFYING CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY.
CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 44. INT. POWER VAULT. [CONTINUOUS]

CHERRYANNE:

(IN PAIN UNDER THE FOLLOWING) Please, no, make it stop...

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, the portal. It's expanding.

TEGAN:

I can see stars! Millions of stars.

NYSSA:

N-Space.

PALLISTER: (DISTORT)

Release winch-locks.

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

FX: LEVER PULLED. DOORS OPEN.

TURLOUGH:

The ship's sliding towards the interface...

DOCTOR:

They're leaving.

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 45. INT. POWER VAULT. [CONTINUOUS]

FX: SANDMEN ENTER. RASPING.

NYSSA:

(STARTLED SCREAM)

RALDARIN:

(LEAD SANDMAN) Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. Sand to sand!

TEGAN:

Sandmen!

TURLOUGH:

They must've found a way into the citadel.

FX: SANDMEN RASPING, MOVING THROUGH ROOM.

DOCTOR:

Attracted by the portal. Don't let them touch you, whatever you do.

TEGAN:

I don't think they're interested in us.

TURLOUGH:

They seem more interested in the induction chamber.

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 46. INT. POWER VAULT. [CONTINUOUS]

FX: SANDMEN APPROACH CHAMBER.

SANDMEN:

(HISSING HUNGRILY) Power! (REPEAT)

SENTINEL:

No-one may approach the controls. Any attempt to do so will be terminal.

CHERRYANNE:

(FRIGHTENED SCREAM)

RALDARIN:

Cherryanne? – It's me, Cherryanne.

CHERRYANNE:

R-Raldarin?

RALDARIN:

Goodbye, my sister.

SENTINEL:

Any attempt to disrupt or disable a Sentinel –

FX: SANDMAN TOUCHES SENTINEL. IT STARTS GOING AWRY, VOICE SLOWING DOWN, SECTIONS STEAMING UP, HISSING, OVERLOADING.

SENTINEL:

- will be terminal. This is your first and final [warning.]

FX: BY 'WARNING', IT HAS RUSTED SOLID.

TEGAN:

I don't believe it. They just touched it and it rusted away.

DOCTOR:

Raldarin, be careful with those controls.

RALDARIN:

All must come to dust. To dust!

FX: WRENCHES LEVER. CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY ENDS. REPLACED BY TERRIBLE GROANING, CREAKING HISS OF MACHINERY GOING AWRY.

CHERRYANNE:

(SCREAMING IN TERROR BUT NO LONGER IN PAIN) Raldarin!

DOCTOR:

He's stopped the induction. Just in time for Cherryanne.

CHERRYANNE:

(WEAK) Just in time.

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 47. INT. POWER VAULT. [CONTINUOUS]

TURLOUGH:

But not in time for the pirates. Look!

TEGAN:

The portal!

NYSSA: (NARRATION)

I watched in horror as the spaceship slid down the ramp and towards the unstable interface – a swirling, churning vortex of unimaginable forces.

FX: RADIO ON. PIRATES PANICKING IN B/G VIA RADIO.

BRANARACK: (DISTORT)

Halt our descent, curse you!

PALLISTER: (DISTORT)

Sentinel, stabilise portal, stabilise, stabil –

FX: RADIO CUTS OUT. BRIEF SILENCE THEN KABOOOOOOOM!

DOCTOR:

Get down, away from the windows!

FX: WINDOWS SMASH, DEAFENING WIND ROARS IN.

TEGAN/NYSSA/TURLOUGH/CHERRYANNE

(REACTING TO WIND, STARTLED BUT NOT SCREAMING)

RALDARIN:

(TRIUMPHANT) Dust to dust!

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 48. INT. POWER VAULT. [CONTINUOUS]

NYSSA: (NARRATION)

An icy wind roared through the shattered windows, ripping into the Sandmen's bodies. Dissolving them, scattering them, reducing them to grains of dust.

FX: WIND SUBSIDES, BUT CONTINUES IN B/G DURING REST OF SCENE.

NYSSA:

Doctor, the chamber, Cherryanne...

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, get her out. I'll try to stabilise the portal.

NYSSA:

Right. (FX: BEGINS FREEING CHERRYANNE)

TEGAN:

What's happening?

TURLOUGH:

The Buccaneer tried to leave through an unstable interface.

TEGAN:

I saw that. - I mean, what's with the howling gale?

DOCTOR:

(OPERATING UNRESPONSIVE CONTROLS) The portal has been jammed wide open in a destabilised state.

TEGAN:

What does that mean? In words of one syllable?

DOCTOR:

It means... the rate of decay will accelerate if I can't find some way of stabilising it.

TEGAN:

You mean, we'll all fall to bits?

DOCTOR:

Not just us. Everyone in this universe. Everything in this universe.

TURLOUGH:

How soon?

DOCTOR:

Probably a matter of minutes. And not very many of those.

FX: NYSSA HAS BEEN FREEING CHERRYANNE DURING THIS.

NYSSA:

There! You're free, Cherryanne.

CHERRYANNE:

(WEAK) Thank you, thank you. My... my hand, what's happened to it? It's an old woman's hand.

NYSSA:

Don't worry, the effect is purely superficial. – Doctor, can't you just close the portal?

FX: DOCTOR OPERATING CONTROLS.

DOCTOR:

Not without power. And first we need another ship to take us – to take you, through the portal.

TEGAN:

Another ship?

TURLOUGH:

There's another on the tracks, it was probably due to leave after the Buccaneer. We could use that.

DOCTOR:

If we can get it to the portal before all of Pallister's machinery seizes up.

FX: MACHINERY CHUGS PAINFULLY.

NYSSA:

Using the machinery will only hasten the disintegration.

TEGAN:

Well, what else can we do? Get out there and push?

CHERRYANNE:

If the portal remains unstable, everybody in this universe will die. There's only one solution.

TURLOUGH:

Cherryanne, no!

CHERRYANNE:

Someone has to be a sacrifice. (PUSHES TURLOUGH OUT OF THE WAY)

TURLOUGH:

(FALLS)

NYSSA: (NARRATION)

Pushing Turlough out of the way, Cherryanne ran to the induction chamber and strapped herself in. Immediately it began to flicker and flash with blue light.

FX: HIDEOUS, TERRIFYING CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY.

CHERRYANNE:

(IN PAIN)

FX: MACHINERY STARTS TO WORK EFFICIENTLY, LIKE WATER MILL.

NYSSA:

Cherryanne, you don't have to do this.

CHERRYANNE:

(PAINED) I'm too old now. I don't have much time left. Let me die for something, Nyssa. If I save you, you can save others in my name...

NYSSA:

Please —

CHERRYANNE:

This is my decision. (GASPS, LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS)

FX: MACHINE HUMS TO HIGHER POWER LEVEL.

TURLOUGH:

The portal, it's stabilised!

DOCTOR:

The entropy's reducing. Thanks to Cherryanne.

FX: DISTANT SOUND OF WINCH OPERATING OUTSIDE.

TURLOUGH:

And the winch is working. Yes! Here comes the ship now!

NYSSA: (NARRATION)

Outside, a large, battered wreck was hauled into the courtyard.

TEGAN:

We're leaving here in that rustbucket? It looks like it could fall to pieces any second.

TURLOUGH:

It must've been caught in the entropy field.

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, you'll be safe inside the TARDIS, inside the ship.

TEGAN:

And how do we get the TARDIS into the ship?

NYSSA:

The sentinels. There may be some still working.

DOCTOR:

It has to be worth trying.

FX: DOCTOR CROSSES FLOOR. CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 49. INT. POWER VAULT. [CONTINUOUS]

FX: RADIO ON. MORE STATIC/INTERFERENCE THAN BEFORE.

DOCTOR:
Calling all Sentinels. Any sentinels.

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)
Receiving you.

DOCTOR:
Excellent. How many of you are left?

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)
Five sentinels remain functional. Identify.

DOCTOR:
This is... Science-Tech Pallister.

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)
Your voice pattern does not match.

DOCTOR:
I have a cold. There's a wooden blue box near the portal. Could you place it on board the ship on the access ramp?

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)
(SCEPTICAL PAUSE) As commanded.

FX: RADIO OFF.

DOCTOR:
Right. Tegan, Turlough, Nyssa. Off you go.

TEGAN:
What?

DOCTOR:
Into the courtyard, into that ship, and into the TARDIS. No time for discussion.

TURLOUGH:
Come on, Tegan.

TEGAN:
Alright, I just don't like being told what to do. Nyssa?

NYSSA:
I'm staying.

TEGAN:
What?

NYSSA:

Somebody has to be here to close the portal once the ship has gone through.

DOCTOR:

And that person will be me.

NYSSA:

No, Doctor.

TEGAN:

Well, I'm not leaving without you. Without either of you.

DOCTOR:

Tegan, please!

TURLOUGH:

There is a third option.

DOCTOR:

What?

TURLOUGH:

One of the Sentinels could do it.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Good plan! (FX: OPERATES RADIO) Sentinels, respond?

FX MORE STATIC/INTERFERENCE THAN BEFORE.

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)

Receiving.

DOCTOR:

Is my blue box on board the ship?

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)

As commanded.

DOCTOR:

Good. Then I want you here in the power vault. All of you. The more the merrier.

SENTINEL: (DISTORT)

As commanded.

FX: RADIO OFF.

TEGAN:

How will they know what to do?

CHERRYANNE:

(STILL IN INDUCTION CHAMBER; WEAK BUT ALIVE) I will be able to give them the order –

NYSSA:

Cherryanne...

CHERRYANNE:

Doctor. Show me what they must do.

DOCTOR:

This switch here releases the winch-locks. The ship will then descend into the portal. Then, once we're through, order them to pull this lever. Everything has been set up. Just one pull, and the portal will close, seal shut, forever.

CHERRYANNE:

I understand. Now go! All of you! Go!

DOCTOR:

Alright. And thank you.

NYSSA:

Yes, thank you, Cherryanne. We won't forget you. And goodbye.

FX: THEY LEAVE.

CHERRYANNE:

Now all I have to do... is stay alive long enough.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 50. INT. SPACE SHIP [FEW MOMENTS LATER].

FX: SIMILAR AMBIENCE AS BUCCANEER. AIRLOCK OPENS MANUALLY. FOOTSTEPS ON CRUNCHY RUST.

TURLOUGH:

(REACTING TO BAD SMELL) And I thought this ship looked bad from the outside. It's like standing in a dirty oven.

DOCTOR:

As long as it holds together long enough to get through the interface, it hardly matters.

TEGAN:

We'll be inside the TARDIS when it does, anyway.

DOCTOR:

And there she is. (FX: PATS SIDE OF TARDIS) Now, what did I do with the key?

NYSSA:

Here, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Thank you, Nyssa. What would I do without you? (FX: KEY IN LOCK)

TEGAN:

And not before time. Look.

DOCTOR:

What —

NYSSA:

The portal's destabilising.

TURLOUGH:

But if we go through that, we'll be ripped to pieces.

DOCTOR:

Something must've gone wrong. Radio. Radio!

FX: HE ACTIVATES RADIO.

DOCTOR:

Doctor calling power vault. Cherryanne, can you hear me?

FX: VIA RADIO, CRACKLE OF INDUCTION CHAMBER. HEAVY INTERFERENCE, NOT EVERY LINE CLEAR, JUST ENOUGH TO GET GIST.

CHERRYANNE: (DISTORT)

Doctor, I'm sorry.

DOCTOR:

What's the matter, we're losing the interface –

CHERRYANNE: (DISTORT)

Too weak. Can't keep it... Feel so weak.

DOCTOR:

You have to, or there'll be another entropic wave.

FX: SOMEONE QUIETLY LEAVES THROUGH AIRLOCK IN BACKGROUND.

TURLOUGH:

And we'll be right in the firing line. We won't stand a chance.

CHERRYANNE: (DISTORT)

I'm sorry... I can't hold on.

FX: TOO MUCH INTERFERENCE TO MAKE OUT ANY MORE.

TURLOUGH:

The portal's almost completely destabilised.

DOCTOR:

There's only one solution. One of us has to go back and take Cherryanne's place in the induction chamber.

TEGAN:

You mean you, don't you?

DOCTOR:

Who else – (BEAT) Where's Nyssa?

TURLOUGH:

She was with us. She was standing by the airlock.

FX: DOCTOR TRIES DOOR.

DOCTOR:

It's locked. Nyssa must've sealed it from the outside.

TEGAN:

Can't you force it?

FX: BANGS FIST ON DOOR. CLANG!

DOCTOR:

It's rusted solid. To open it now, I'd need a blow-torch.

TEGAN:

But Nyssa's out there!

SCENE 51. EXT. PORTAL.

FX: PORTAL DESTABILISING, TERRIFIC WIND, GROUND SHAKING, ALL HELL BREAKING LOOSE. NYSSA PELTS TOWARDS US.

NYSSA: (NARRATION)

I dead-locked the airlock door, climbed down from the platform and ran back towards the citadel, the wind whipping at my hair, turning it completely grey, and then white.

FX: SHE GETS INTO PORTAL, SLAMS DOOR BEHIND HER. WIND MUFFLED.

SCENE 52. INT. POWER VAULT.

NYSSA: (NARRATION)

I made it to the power vault, where the three remaining Sentinels stood motionless beside the induction chamber.

FX: INDUCTION CHAMBER CRACKLING.

CHERRYANNE:

(WEAK) Nyssa!

NYSSA:

Cherryanne! You're still alive!

CHERRYANNE:

I tried to hold on, but... sorry. (DIES)

NYSSA:

It's alright. You did your best. Time you were set free.

FX: INDUCTION CHAMBER SWITCHED OFF. NYSSA UNDOES MANACLES, BODY SLUMPS FORWARD ONTO THE GROUND.

NYSSA:

And now... to take your place.

FX: RADIO CRACKLES ON.

DOCTOR: (DISTORT)

Nyssa! Nyssa, can you hear me?

NYSSA:

I can hear you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: (DISTORT)

Then come back to the ship. Let us out.

NYSSA:

No. Time for you to return to N-Space.

TEGAN: (DISTORT)

But if you do this, you'll never see your children again.

NYSSA:

Give them my love, Tegan. Tell them goodbye, from me.

TURLOUGH: (DISTORT)

You realise what you're planning is suicide?

NYSSA:

Not suicide, Turlough. Self-sacrifice.

DOCTOR: (DISTORT)

Nyssa, please. If you do this, there is no way back. There will never be another interface between the two universes. I'll never be able to find you!

NYSSA:

I realise that. But this is my choice. I can do more good here.

FX: SHE STRAPS HERSELF INTO INDUCTION CHAMBER.

DOCTOR: (DISTORT)

Nyssa.

NYSSA:

I'm needed. You know that, Doctor.

FX: RADIO OVERCOME BY STATIC.

NYSSA:

Sentinel. Deactivate radio.

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

FX: RADIO OFF.

NYSSA:

Activate induction chamber.

FX: CRACKLING BEGINS AGAIN.

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

NYSSA:

(GASP OF PAIN) Portal stabilised. And... release winch-locks.

SENTINEL:

Releasing winch-locks.

NYSSA: (NARRATION)

From my position in the induction chamber, I watched as the spaceship trundled down the ramp towards the portal, towards the shining mass of stars that lay beyond in N-Space.

FX: WHOOSH OF INCREDIBLE POWER.

NYSSA: (NARRATION)

And then it was through, and gone.

NYSSA:

Sentinel. Pull main activation lever.

SENTINEL:

As commanded.

FX: LEVER PULLED. PORTAL CLOSES, REVERSED-SWOOSHING EFFECT.

NYSSA: (NARRATION)

The portal shrank down to a point and disappeared with a blinding flash. And then, with shaking hands, I released myself from the chamber.

FX: INDUCTION CHAMBER OFF. STILLNESS.

NYSSA:

(VERY FRAIL, RELIEVED) Goodbye, Doctor. Goodbye. (COLLAPSES)

SCENE 53. INT. SPACESHIP.

FX: REVERSE ECHO INTO OTHER END OF FINAL CONVERSATION.

NYSSA: *(DISTORT)*

I realise that. But this is my choice. I can do more good here.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa.

NYSSA: *(DISTORT)*

I'm needed. You know that, Doctor.

FX: RADIO OVERCOME BY STATIC.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, you can't do this –

FX: SHIP STARTS TRUNDLING, RATTLING TERRIBLY.

DOCTOR/TEGAN/TURLOUGH

(REACT TO TOPPLING FORWARD, BUS-OVER-CLIFF MOMENT)

TEGAN:

The portal... I can see stars!

TURLOUGH:

Nyssa must've stabilised the interface.

DOCTOR:

Into the TARDIS, everyone. Quickly! We're going through!

FX: INTO THE TARDIS AS IT HITS THE INTERFACE, INCREDIBLE TURBULENCE, WRENCHING, RIPPING.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 54. INT. TARDIS INTERIOR.

FX: FADE IN. INTERIOR HUM RISES UP FROM SILENCE.

DOCTOR: (NARRATION)

The moment the ship passed into N-Space, the TARDIS returned to life, the central column rising and falling.

TURLOUGH:

The power's restored. Everything's working again.

FX: DOCTOR PRESSING BUTTONS.

DOCTOR:

And the CVE's closed. She did it. Nyssa did it!

TEGAN:

(WEAK) Doctor... I...

DOCTOR:

Tegan!

TEGAN:

(GASP THEN FX: FALLS TO GROUND)

TURLOUGH:

What is it... my head...

DOCTOR:

Entropic exposure. Some d-sleep and you'll be right as rain.

TURLOUGH:

Why is rain r- (FALLS TO GROUND)

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

SCENE 55. INT. ADRIC'S HOUSE.

DOCTOR:

Then I set the co-ordinates, and, well, here we are.

ADRIC:

So that's it? You're saying my mother chose to remain behind in E-Space?

TURLOUGH:

So that we could leave.

TEGAN:

If it wasn't for her, we'd all be dead.

ADRIC:

But is she still alive? Did she survive the 'induction chamber'?

DOCTOR:

There's no way of knowing for sure. But Nyssa's made of strong stuff, she was only in the chamber for a few minutes –

TEGAN:

Both Turlough and I were in it for longer, and we're still here.

DOCTOR:

So, yes. I think she's still alive.

ADRIC:

But trapped in E-Space. Forever.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

ADRIC:

In a dying universe with, what was it you said? Only a few days left.

DOCTOR:

That was with the CVE. With the energy drain removed, it should have years. Centuries. Nyssa didn't just save us. She saved everyone in E-Space.

TEGAN:

Thousands of people will live because of her.

ADRIC:

I don't care about thousands of people, I care about my mother.

TURLOUGH:

We're all going to miss her.

TEGAN:

She meant a lot to us too, you know.

ADRIC:

Why did she have to be the one who stayed? Why did you let her do this? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I tried to stop her. But it was her decision.

ADRIC:

And now I'm never going to see her again. If I get married, she won't be there, and if I have children, they'll never know their grandmother. – There should have been another way!

DOCTOR:

Don't you think I don't know that? Don't you think that if there was the slightest chance of getting Nyssa back I would take it? But there isn't. And I'm sorry. All I can say is I'm sorry, and I will regret this for as long as I live.

ADRIC:

Just go. All of you. You've done enough damage to my life, to my sister's life, to my mother's life. I wish she'd never met you on Helheim, all those years ago. Just go. Leave me alone.

DOCTOR:

Adric –

ADRIC:

Go!

SCENE 56. EXT. GARDENS.

FX: FADE UP. TRANQUILLITY. SOME BIRDSONG. DISTANT CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER.

NYSSA: (NARRATION)

After the CVE closed, all the Sandmen in the settlement turned to dust. Then it was left to those that had survived to try to rebuild, knowing that the final way out of E-Space had been lost.

In the beginning, life was difficult. There was hardship, disease and disorder, but soon things improved as it was realised that the curse of E-Space had been lifted. Food no longer rotted in a matter of hours, metal no longer rusted. The rate of decay had been restored to normal. Giving people a chance of life, to plant crops, to look to the future. And even as hope returned, the light of the sun brightened, turning from dark red to brilliant white.

That was ten years ago. Now, things on Apollyon are very different. The wilderness around the castle is full of fields. The settlement has been replaced by a thriving town filled with the sound of industry and children's laughter.

Of course, everybody knows this universe is still dying. But if anything, that knowledge drives them on, to make the most of what time they have left.

As for me. After the hardship of the early years ended, I spent my time teaching others how to treat the sick, passing on what knowledge I had learned. But now my work is done, and I spend my days tending the gardens. Which now blossom and bloom with flowers, the air thick with scent like the groves back on Traken. That's how I will spend my old age, which even now is creeping up on me like a shadow.

A shadow cast by the sunshine, in my garden at the end of the universe.

I never got to say goodbye to you, Adric, or your sister Neeka, which is why I'm writing you this letter. Not that you'll ever be able to read it, but just to put the words down on paper. I'm so sorry I broke my promise to you and that I missed so much of your childhoods. But I know you have made lives for yourselves now, and hope you have found love and happiness. You may even have children. I hope you do, because then you'll know how precious you are to me, how much I delighted in seeing your first smiles, hearing your first words. And that bringing you both into the world is the best thing I have ever done. So no regrets, just memories of happy times.

I expect the Doctor, Tegan and Turlough have come to tell you what happened to me. Please don't be angry with them. And please try to forgive me, as I try to forgive myself.

One last thing. Last night, just before the dawn, the bells rang out across the town. There were cries, people shouting, to look up, into the night. Because there, in the middle of the endless blackness, was a new star. A star that had never been there before. So maybe this universe does have a future after all.

That's all I have to say, as I write this, gazing out across my gardens, towards the setting sun. Goodbye. Goodbye, Turlough. I hope you find the peace of mind you're looking for. Goodbye, Tegan, my greatest friend. Goodbye, Doctor. Thank you for all the adventures. To have seen so much, I feel my life has been blessed.

And goodbye, Neeka, my beautiful daughter and Adric, my handsome son. You've made me proud, and I will think of you always, as I hope you will think of me. I love you both. Goodbye, forever. Goodbye.

(HEARTBREAKING MUSIC SWELLS INTO THE CLOSING THEME)

THE END